Sept. 1975
No. 27

CARTOONIST PROfiles

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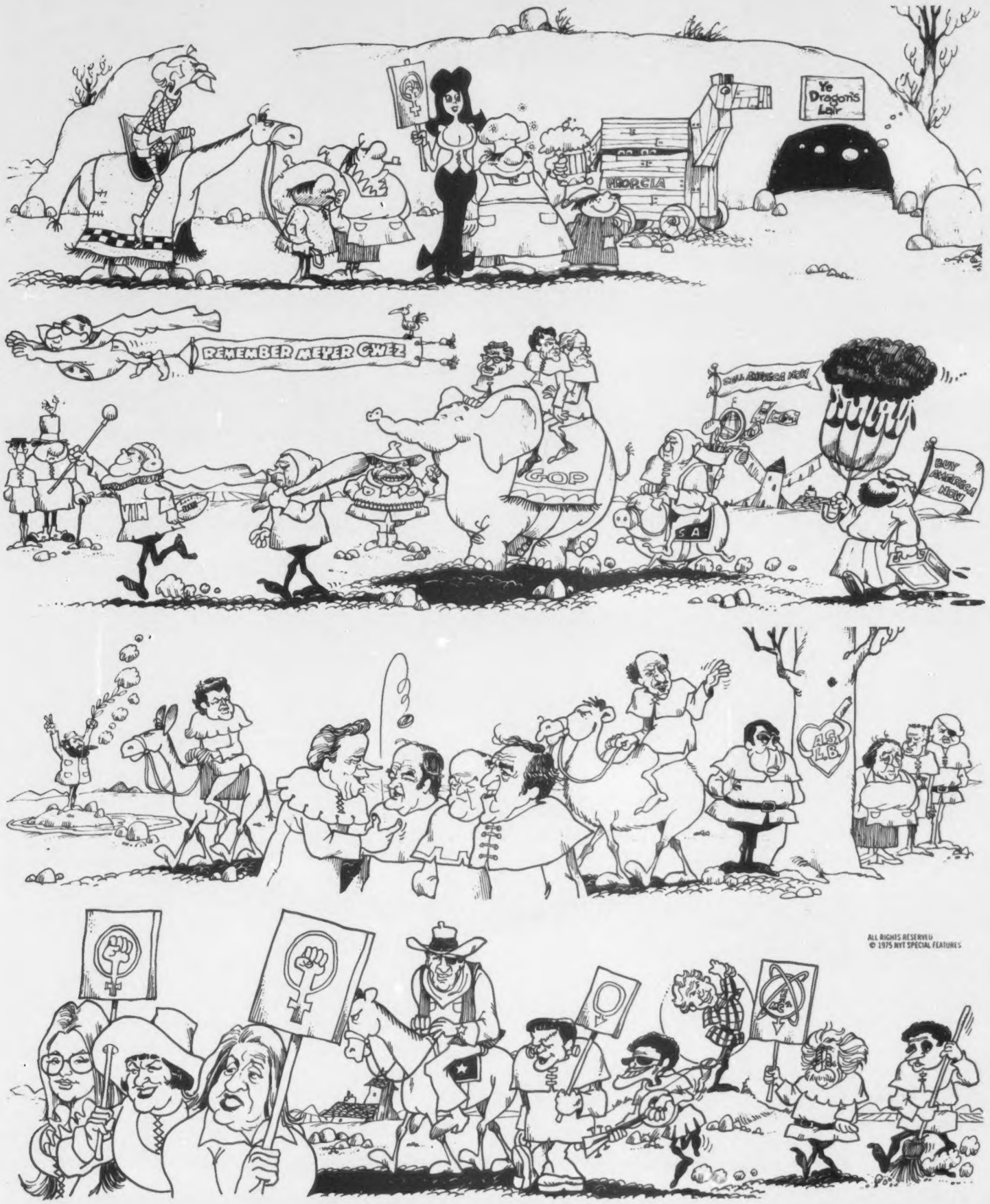

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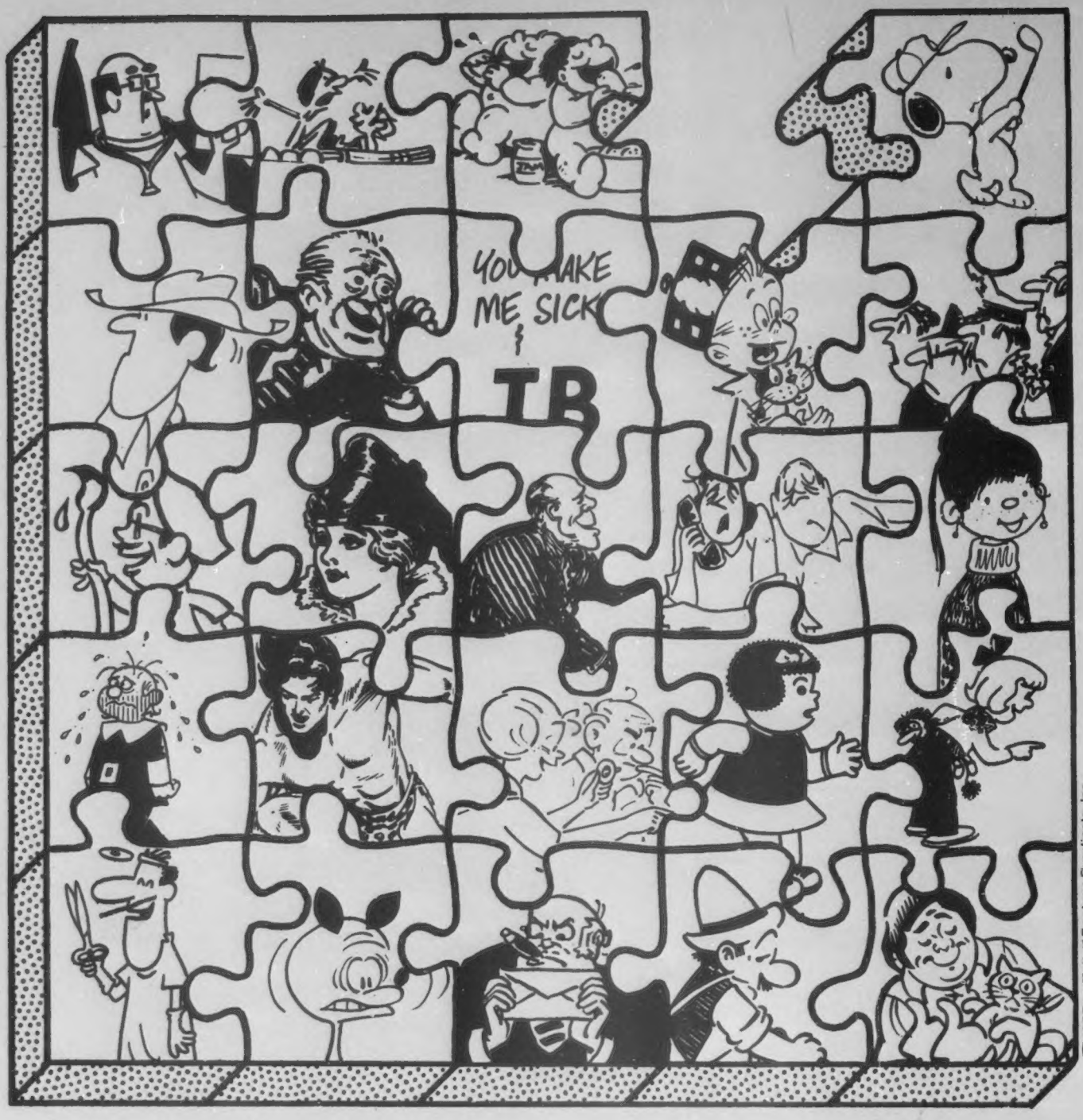

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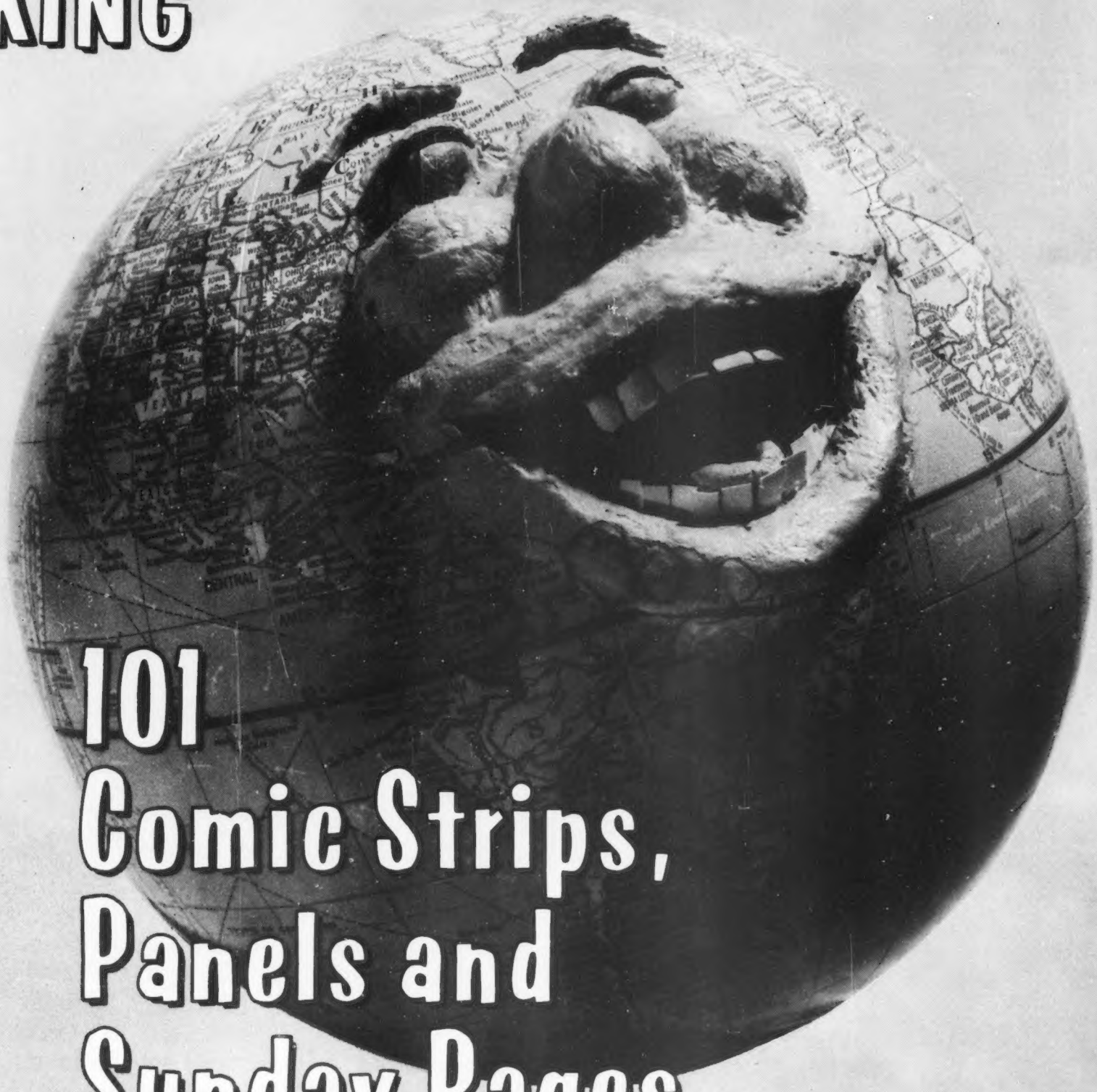

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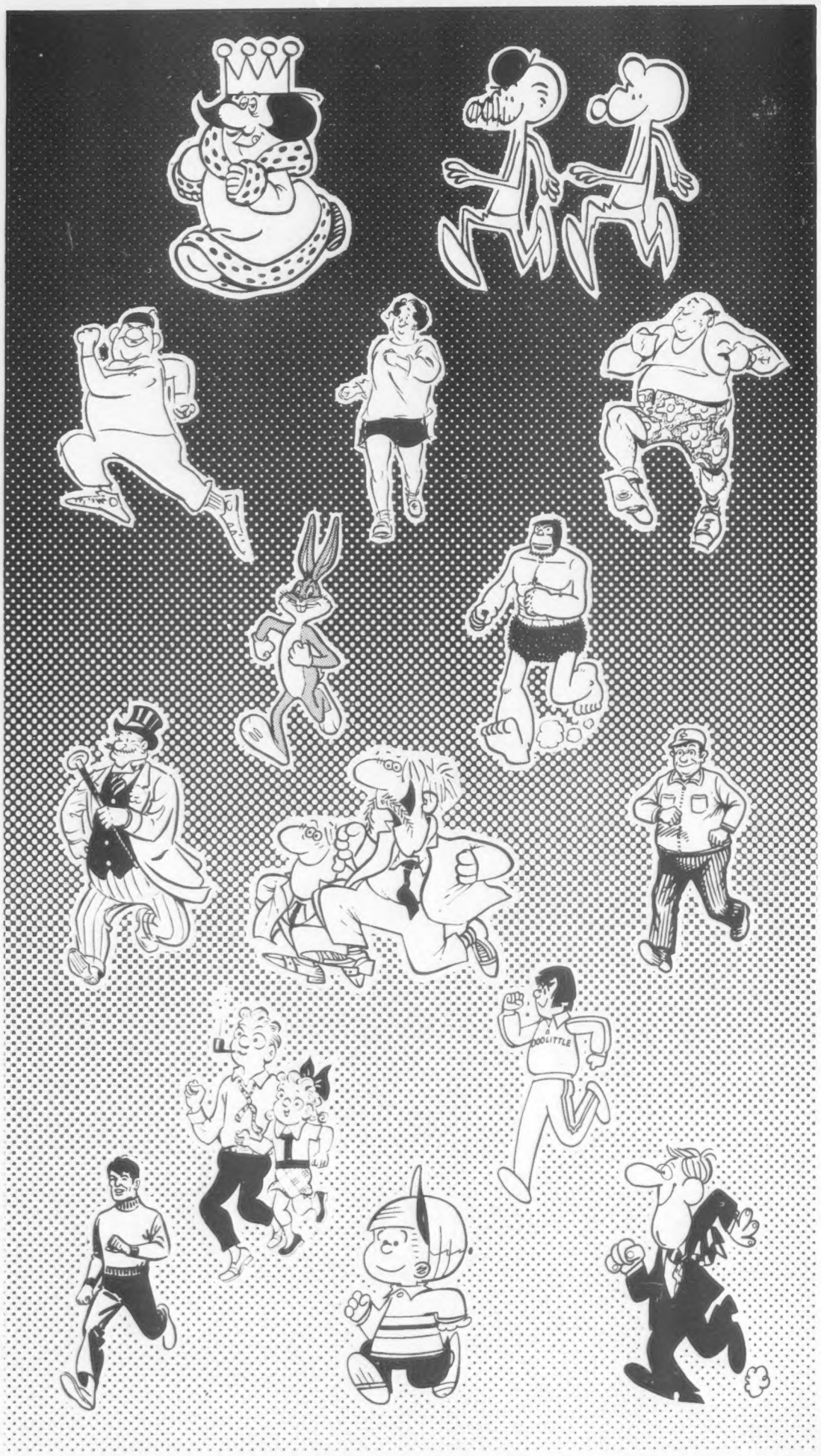

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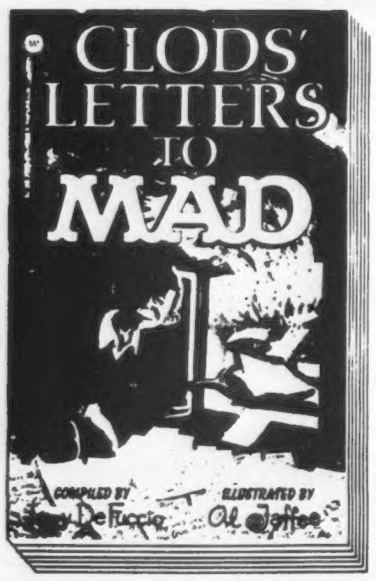

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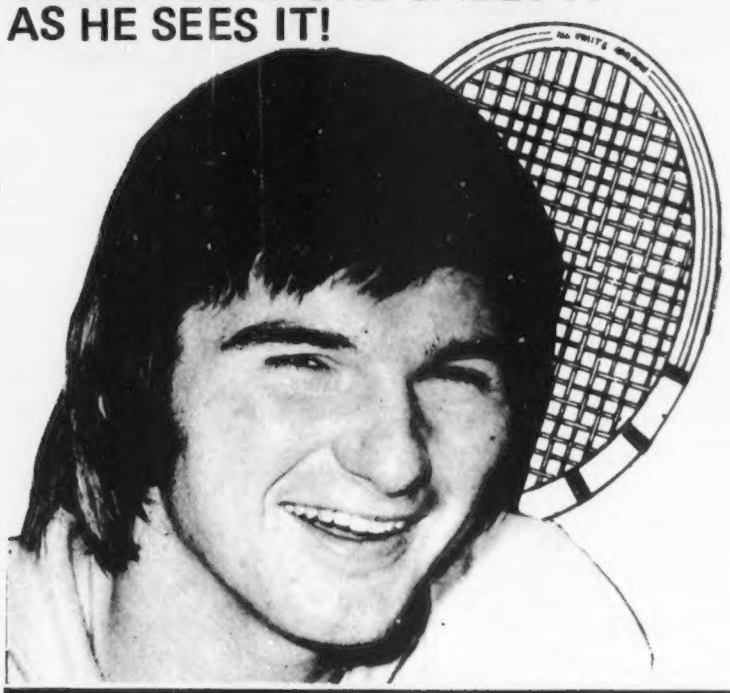

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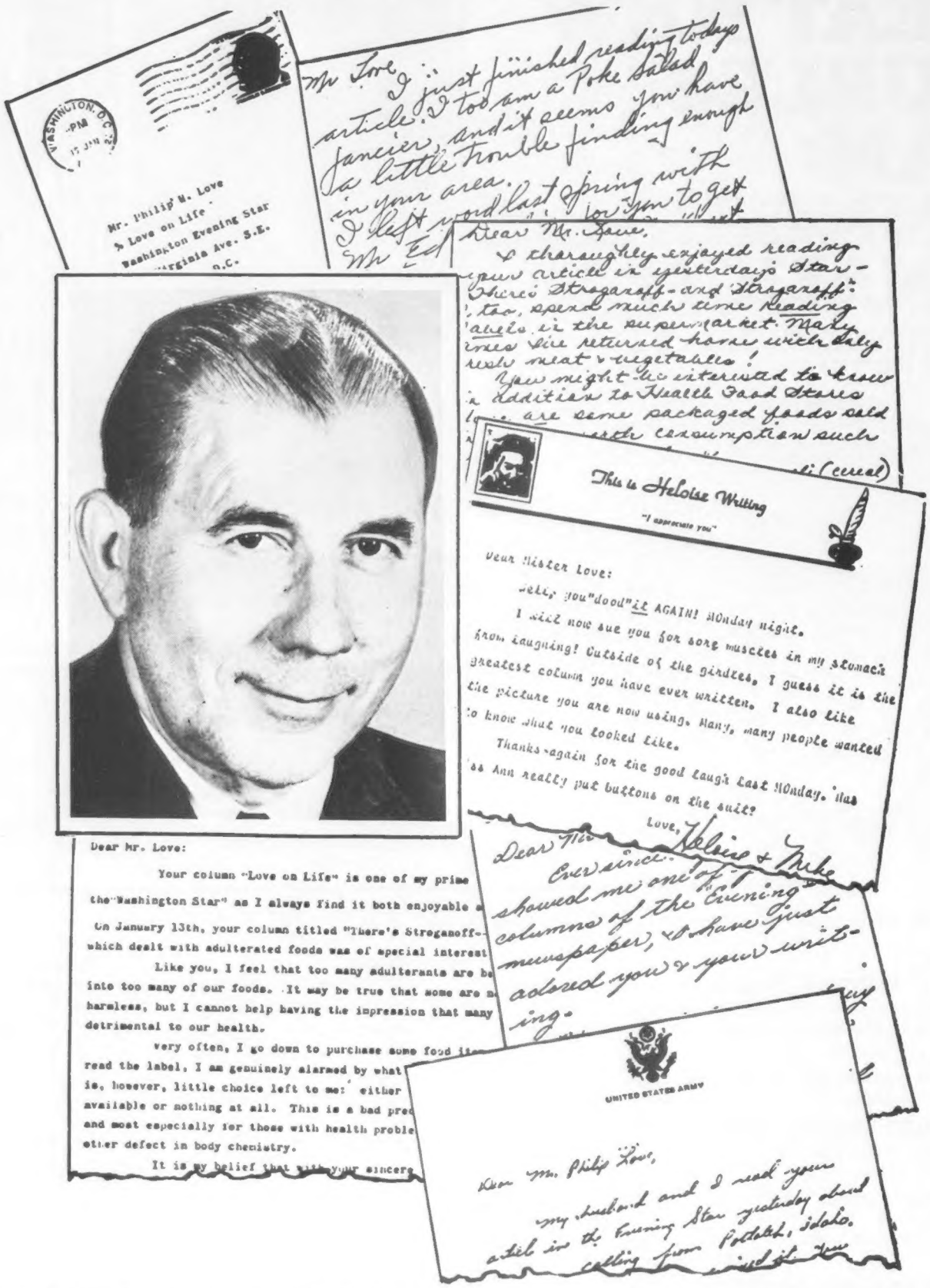
There are love letters . . . and Love's letters


WASHINGTON, D.C.
-PM
Mr. Philip N. Love
% Love on Life
Washington Evening Star
Virginia Ave. S.E.
D.C.
Dear Mr. Love,
This is Heloise Writing
"I appreciate you"
Dear Mr. Love:
Dear Mr. Love:
Your column "Love on Life" is one of my prime
the "Washington Star" as I always find it both enjoyable
On January 13th, your column titled "There's Stroganoff--
which dealt with adulterated foods was of special interest
Like you, I feel that too many adulterants are b
into too many of our foods. It may be true that some are n
harmless, but I cannot help having the impression that many
detrimental to our health.
very often, I go down to purchase some food it
read the label. I am genuinely alarmed by what
is, however, little choice left to me: either
available or nothing at all. This is a bad pre
and most especially for those with health proble
other defect in body chemistry.
It is my belief that with your sincere
UNITED STATES ARMY
Dear Mr. Philip Love,
my husband and I read your
article in the Evening Star yesterday about
calling from Pocatello, Idaho.

. . . and Love's letters have come, over the last dozen years, from readers in such far-flung places as Rome, Italy, and Bangkok, Thailand . . . Montreal, Canada, and Kingston, Jamaica . . . Washington, D.C., and Tacoma, Washington . . . and what they all say, in one way or another, is that Phil Love's light touch is the right touch for these trying times.

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P.S. Yes, we're on the lookout for good ideas for other features geared to our times.

CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

No. 27, September 1975

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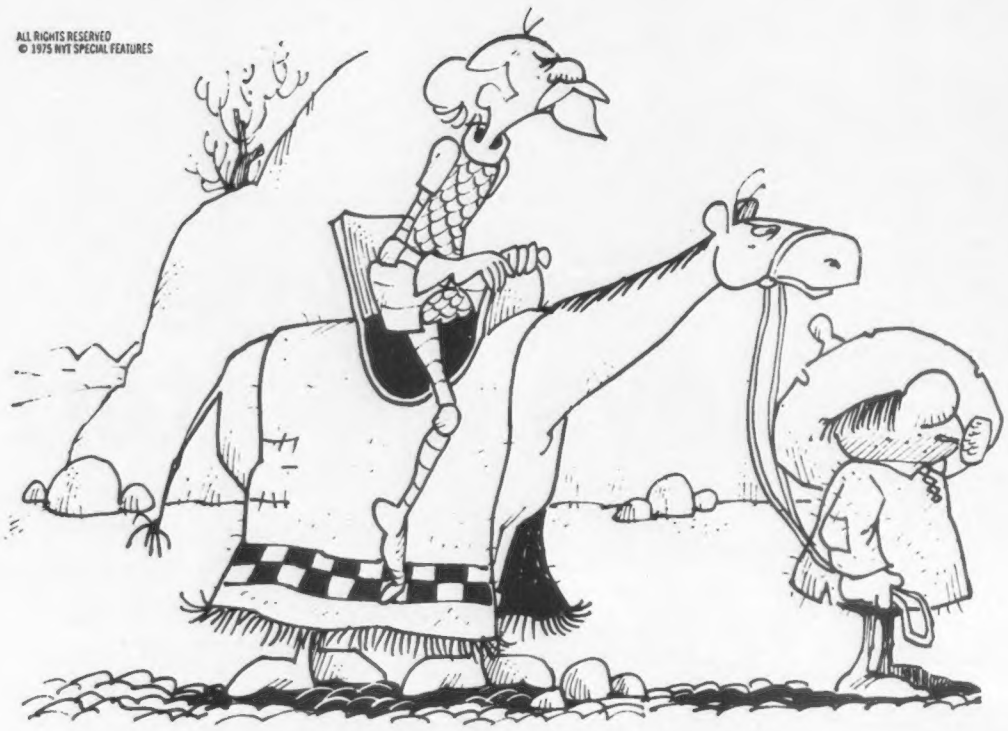
DON Q



Something unique in comic strips was bound to result when the efforts of The New York Times Company's 'Special Features' syndicate to develop a precedent-breaking feature were combined with the humor and art of DAVID GANTZ, who has had an extremely varied experience in the arts, as well as a 25-year-long interest in the very characters he portrays in DON Q.

As JOHN OSENENKO, 'Special Features' Manager, mentions in this story, he had asked a number of people, including your editor, to be on the look out for material which would meet the exacting requirements of the N.Y. Times Company. Fortunately, one of those people, TONI MENDEZ, the artist representative, saw the first samples of DON Q and quickly brought them to John's attention. What followed is commented on herewith by Gantz and Osenenko. 'Special Features' first comic strip has been hailed 'a winner' by one of America's leading newspaper publishers. John tells us, incidentally, that he will disclose this name to interested parties upon request. The daily DON Q is scheduled to start September 15 and a Sunday page will join the dailies in January.

Here are some of John Osenenko's comments about the new strip, DON Q.

Q: The announcement that The New York Times Company's SPECIAL FEATURES Syndicate will begin distributing its first daily comic strip this September 15th was a very exciting one! What's the story behind this precedent-breaking event, John?

OSENENKO: Well, about a year ago, I happened to be talking with the Feature Editor of a large metropolitan newspaper, and told him of my yearning to get involved with comics again, after having been away from that aspect of syndication for several years. I handled comics as Executive V.P. for the Bell-McClure Syndicate until I came over here as Manager of SPECIAL FEATURES.

Q: If DON Q is your first daily comic strip, what other features have you been distributing throughout the world during the 4 years or so that you've been managing 'Special Features'?

OSENENKO: We distribute material which appears in the Magazine Section of the Sunday New York Times, articles which appear in the Arts & Leisure Section and in the Travel Section of the Sunday Edition, text and art which appears on the Op-Ed page of the daily Times, etc. In addition to these features, we have the freedom to generate our own material — in fact at least 60% of the Special Features material is generated from other than this Times material. After I had been here a while, I felt we were growing as a syndicate and the next thing we needed was a *comic strip.*

I told the Feature Editor I spoke of a moment ago that any comic strip we distributed would have to be a very special product, and he commented that there hadn't been a new idea in 20 years.

We agreed that it would come along some day, but neither of us could predict at that moment what the idea would be or in what form it would appear. As our conversation continued, I mentioned some of the discussions that had occurred during Newspaper Comics Council meetings 15 years previously, during which a number of editors had criticized Walt Kelly for including political thoughts in his 'Pogo' strip. In fact John Colburn, then the Managing Editor of the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch, felt that this question should be settled once and for all, and he spent a whole year questioning editors throughout the country on this matter of whether a comic strip should do anything besides entertain. It turned out that at that time 75% of the editors were against the introduction of any political comments in a comic strip. Some more years passed after Colburn's survey, and at another Comics Council meeting, some very bright and aware young people were asked to conduct a panel session about the comics. These young people *all* felt that comics should be relevant, and by this time it was evident that attitudes in our field were changing radically.

All of these things we talked about were running through my mind but the question was how to develop and find a new format. Jud, as you know, for 3 years I've asked you and others to keep an eye open for likely material for 'Special Features'. Finally, one great day, Toni Mendez, who represents a number of cartoonists, and assists them in developing the various aspects of a comic strip property, brought me some strips which David Gantz had done. We saw at once that here we had the elements of art, approach, and experience which could result in an outstanding strip, so we immediately sat down and began to kick various ideas back and forth.

JOHN OSENENKO

GANTZ: Probably only about 4 of the dozen or 14 samples that I originally submitted to Toni dealt with contemporary themes. When John saw the references to Bella Abzug, Nixon, etc., in these 4 strips, he decided that *that* angle should be developed further.

by David Gantz.

OSENENKO: We then spent about 4 months developing and perfecting the strip, after which I went to several outstanding editors whose judgment I felt would be fair and unbiased, to ask their opinions. One of them recognized that DON Q was a departure from the usual, that it would be met with varying degrees of acceptance, and some criticism, because there was nothing against which to measure it, but he said the potential was there. He said, "This strip can only get better." Another of these men I consulted commented, "This is a winner!" These optimistic opinions seemed to be borne out by the fact that the first 8 papers I approached bought DON Q.

We didn't know how far we could go in lampooning famous figures and thought perhaps that David should be a little gentle at first. We were surprised to hear almost every editor saying that the strip could be *more* hostile and abrasive, and that we weren't hitting these personalities hard enough. What a departure this is from the opinions that John Colburn had elicited years ago from the editors! As you will see, the humor here is provided by the characters themselves, in the situations in

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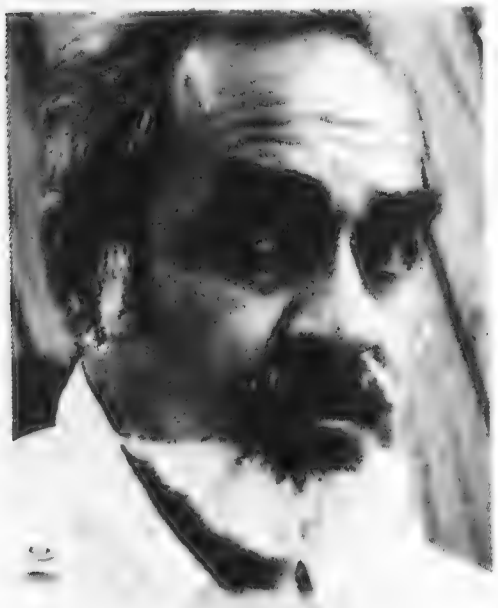

DAVID GANTZ

which they find themselves, and David is not manufacturing fun at their expense. Of course we want the strip to entertain but we didn't want editors to feel that we were competing with their editorial pages. Their answers to my feelers in their direction indicated the dramatic changes in thinking which have occurred in, let's say, the past 15 years. Almost every editor said that the strip would not conflict with his editorial pages.

Q: There are several other innovative features in DON Q which you wanted to mention, aren't there?

OSENENKO: Right — for one thing, when any particularly hot news event occurs, David will immediately do an extra strip based on the occurrence and this will be quickly released to newspapers as a bonus strip. In these cases, a newspaper might be furnished *2* strips which they could print on a given day without any extra expense to the paper.

Another thing — we decided not to take the usual approach and appeal to all readers from 6 to 96. Instead we are aiming the strip at just the 'Young Sophisticates' market. I consider this a very important point! And this is the first comic strip designed for an *international* market. As you can see, the names and situations pictured in the strips are instantly recognizable throughout the world, and it's the first time that a comic strip has ever attempted to be based on caricatures of famous personalities in every field of endeavor — politics, Hollywood, women's liberation, or what have you. The beauty of the strip is that there's so much you needn't say — because the personalities, the backgrounds, the nature of the important figures are already known by everyone.

Q: Now that Special Features has its first daily comic strip, are you looking for any further cartoons?

OSENENKO: Yes — I'm on the lookout for an editorial cartoonist, and for a cartoonist who does the 'panel' type of cartoon. But this will take some digging because, of course, they will have to meet the exacting standards which The New York Times Company expects 'Special Features' to meet.

Following is a conversation with David Gantz about his art career and about DON Q.

Q: David, how do you happen to be using the Don Quixote characters in your new strip?

GANTZ: I've been hung up on Quixote for 20 or 25 years—I've had a sympatico feeling about him— that he and I were one and the same man. I think he's 'Everyman' in fact. I've read whatever there is to read about Cervantes—and actually Cervantes and his character, Quixote, are one. I did a book on Quixote for CBS which included reproductions of some of my sculpture pieces of the character, as well as 96 illustrations of his story. This book, incidentally, was sold in conjunction with a record on which the story was narrated with music in the background. The listener was told when to turn the pages as the story progressed. And Quixote was always the main theme of the numerous exhibits of bronzes I had.

Back in 1968 I started toying with the idea of doing a comic strip based on the Quixote theme, and at that time I did a number of gags which I later realized were just gags without any particular meaning. So the idea lay dormant till the beginning of this year when it finally came to me that what I had in Quixote, Sancho, and the others, was a ready-made community of characters, and that this is the very first requirement of a successful strip. You can't just have one character and build a comic strip on him—you've got to have this community of people who work well together.

DON Q

PRINCE GERALD, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET...
I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG? HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE US!
David Gantz
I THINK HE'S SUFFERING A REASSESSMENT.
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Gantz at work on DON Q. *Photo by Doris Ezersky*

Q: As we all know from reading Cervantes' book, Don Quixote was a simple-minded country gent who read so many books about chivalry, that he imagined himself a knight and set out to reform the world. He was idealistic but impractical—he mistook windmills for giants and dragons, a bunch of sheep for an army, etc. Of course you call him DON Q in the strip. Would you mention the other characters?

GANTZ: Well, Don Q's sidekick, SANCHO, was the original hen-pecked husband—always wanting to get away from his nagging wife, MRS. SANCHO. Then there's DULCIE, innkeeper POP's daughter and the good-looking broad for whom DON Q tilts at windmills. Dulcie is heavily into the 'women's lib' movement and she has also recruited Mrs. Sancho. The two of them hang around with three easily recognizable characters, Ms. Glory, Ms. Bella Tootsie Bella and Betsy Freedom. Then there's the horse, ROSIE, and, in addition, a wooden horse which Sancho calls PROPCIA. Actually the words on the

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR HONEST MAN YET, DIOGENES?
NOPE...
David Gantz
...BUT I'M WILLING TO SETTLE FOR A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE!
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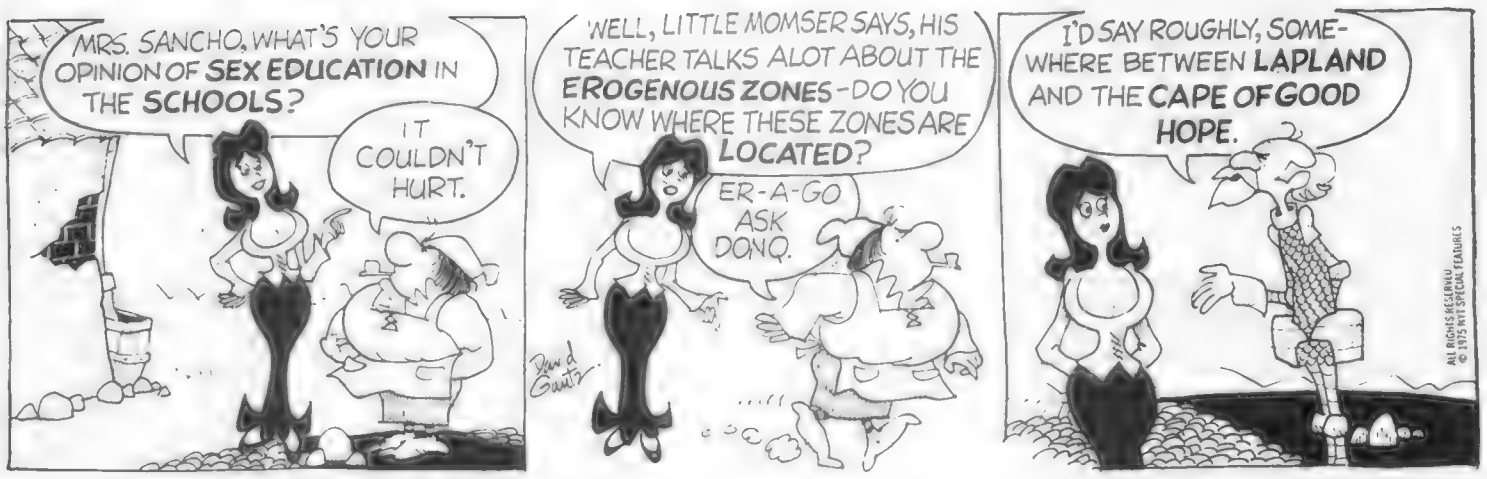
MRS. SANCHO, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF SEX EDUCATION IN THE SCHOOLS?
IT COULDN'T HURT.
'WELL, LITTLE MOMSER SAYS, HIS TEACHER TALKS ALOT ABOUT THE EROGENOUS ZONES - DO YOU KNOW WHERE THESE ZONES ARE LOCATED?
ER-A-GO ASK DON Q.
David Gantz
I'D SAY ROUGHLY, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LAPLAND AND THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
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DON Q

I'VE GOT A RIDDLE FOR YOU, SANCHO.
WHAT'S PRINCE GERALD GOT IN COMMON WITH LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE?
I GIVE UP.
David Gantz
BLANKED-OUT EYES!
WIN
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side of the wooden horse are PROP.(erty) CIA. There are always a couple of sets of eyes peering out but we never see who's in there. YE DRAGON'S LAIR is the home of a peace-loving dragon who's sort of a shrink and father confessor. As in the case of the wooden horse, you never actually see the dragon. As you know, Quixote saw windmills as dragons so I decided to have one in the strip. And I've created an extra character in the strip who wasn't in the original book—namely MOMSER, Dulcie's kid brother and the original rotten kid. Incidentally, his name means 'love-child' in Yiddish.

I always wanted to do something politically oriented because I think that's the biggest comedy around, but in a strip you can't accomplish this in a setting of today—it just doesn't work. (I might say that it worked in the case of Walt Kelly and Pogo because he was dealing with animals). But here in DON Q it works too because the setting is in the past, in a community that is almost fairy-tale in atmosphere, and when characters such as Prince Gerald, or Henry the K, or any of the other

Photo by Doris Ezersky

David with a bronze of St. Francis

HENNERY, WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT ASSET A GOOD NEGOTIATOR MUST HAVE?
David Gantz
THE POWER OF PERSUASION!
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FIRST, WE GET THE WOMENS' EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT PASSED!
THEN WHAT, GLORY?
THEN WE MAKE MEN THE SEX OBJECTS!
RIGHT ON, GLORY!
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JUST SO LONG AS MAH SUPPER'S ON THE TABLE AND MAH SOCKS ARE WASHED!
RIGHT ON, BIG JOHN!
David Gantz

Introducing DON Q, an impoverished psycho-ceramic (cracked pot) who has taken up the challenge of knight-errantry. ROSIE, his trusty rusty steed who should have been put out to pasture eons ago. SANCHO, a poor peasant who welcomes Don Q's silly sallies if only because it gives him the chance to escape his nagging wife MRS. SANCHO. DULCIE, an innkeeper's daughter, for whom Don Q. tilts at windmills…

POP, Dulcie's dad, a mostly tilted tippler.MOMSER, Dulcie's kid brother, a rotten kid. PROP. CIA, a wooden horse on constant surveillance. YE DRAGON'S LAIR, a peace-loving dragon who plays to the hilt his double role of shrink and father confessor…

Plus a host of transients such as PRINCE GERALD, an amiable prince who addresses himself to trivia and tries to walk without stumbling. HENNERY THE K., an ambitious mediator. THE KNAVE, a deposed noble who copes and deals and plots…

S. P. ROO, a lesser noble (also deposed) who constantly tries to "sell America now." Also meet ROCKS, RAY GYNN and GOLDWARBLER, an ambitious trio, and THE HAPPY HUGGER, who once hugged a chief of state…

And, of course, the girls, MS. GLORY, MS. BELLA TOOTSIE BELLA and BETSY FREEDOM. Not to mention ol' WINDY HUBIE, MUSTIE and STOOP J., another ambitious trio who, with McGOV-GOV and CHAPPAKENNY, make up an ambitious five-o. And KASTER-O, ANDWAR, LEO NIDSKY, SOL Z. NIDZEN, GOLDIE, RAY BEAN, MOISHE D. And, naturally, the world's greatest commentator WALDO KRANKRITE. Plus many, many others too humorous to mention whom the world has yet to offer as grist for Don Q's windmill.

Gantz sculpture of The Pied Piper.

David's sculpture studio.

political figures appear here, you accept them.

There will be constant satirizing of the political scene all over the world but show business, for instance, will be satirized too. On these pages you'll see a character resembling Sammy Davis, Jr. as the Happy Hugger who claims he once hugged the President and that it got him into so much trouble that he wants to kick the habit but can't. He hugs everybody in sight. Then we've got the Macho people in the form of a character looking like John Wayne, and his sidekick, the monster out of Frankenstein. We'll take pot shots at all parties, and everyone who is a public figure is fair game if he's an internationally-known public figure and person in the news. The strip doesn't just deal with current figures but also includes prominent figures from the past who are relevant today, such as Teddy Roosevelt, Albert Einstein, Isaac Newton, etc. So we have an endless community. It goes without saying that all these characters are identified by their appearance, and they aren't identified by their actual names in the strip.

I've always wanted to include caricatures in my cartoons but couldn't get them in the proper setting until now. As you know, each strip will be full of them, and we're counting heavily on the hope that our subjects will be good sports, that they'll look on the strip as something funny and humorous. They'll probably want the originals, since most politicians seem to want most those cartoons which have taken the sharpest cracks at them. As John said earlier, our job is *finding* the humor in a situation rather than making fun of it or the people involved in it.

Q: Your career has certainly been an example of how valuable a well-rounded training in art can be to a cartoonist. Could we have some of the highlights?

GANTZ: The best thing that ever happened to me as a kid—and to some of the other kids who were friends of mine and who later became prominent cartoonists (Harvey Kurtzman, Al Jaffee, Will Elder)—was the late Mayor LaGuardia's beautiful little experiment with specialized high schools in New York City. We were the first class in the newly created High School of Music & Art, and this experience shaped my life more than any training I had after that. All eyes were on this experiment and the success with it led to the establishment of a High School of Science, a High School of the Performing Arts, etc.

I imagine that Mayor LaGuardia's influence resulted in our teachers being drawn from that marvelous 'Bauhaus' school in Germany. They were so full of enthusiasm and projected this to us. We were right near the tail end of the depression, and it was a time of looking up, of seeing a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel, and we were all excited about the project.

Q: For the benefit of myself, and for the benefit of any readers who might not be familiar with the 'Bauhaus', I've learned that it was the architectural school of Walter Gropius, and it promoted a synthesis of painting and sculpture and architecture and the adaptation of science and technology to architecture.

GANTZ: We got a full college curriculum, a well-rounded scope of the arts, including music, and if you were studying the French Revolution, for instance, you didn't just study the political leaders but you studied the leading artists who painted at that time, etc.

We developed a tremendous ego and never compared our work to that of the student next

Painting for the Quixote book which David did for the CBS Book and Record Division.

DON Q

HEY FELLAS, WAIT UP!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW OUTFIT?
NOW, THAT'S WHAT I'D CALL TRUTH IN PACKAGING!
David Gantz
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to us but rather to that of Rembrandt or Rubens and others. A few of us got scholarships to the National Academy of Design but decided after 6 months that it was too stodgy. And I spent some time at Iowa State University where some noted men were teaching—Grant Wood, Fletcher Martin and Emil Ganso, who was my graphic arts teacher. Incidentally, I came to the conclusion that if you can get just one thing from a teacher, you're way ahead of the game. Ganso was really hung up on *textures* and his pointers on that subject really stuck with me through the years. Two of these men died in the one year—1941—I was about 18, and I came back to New York and got a job at Timely Comics with Stan Lee, mostly specializing in the animated-cartoon type of comic book work, doing inking, lettering, everything. Then came Army service and after that I went back to Timely, working on staff, and freelancing for Timely which was called the Magazine Management Company by that time. Sometimes comic book work has been put down, but I considered it a great training field for anybody who wanted to do anything commercial in the art world. You were confronted with every kind of situation and composition you'd ever want to meet.

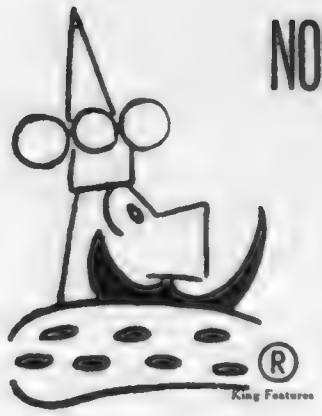
In 1952 I began to do brochures, mailing pieces, catalogues, etc., for a little art service which we started, and also in the following few years did some painting, some full-color illustration, and had a part in producing a number of comic books for one of the publishers in this field. During these years I had hoped to come up with a syndicated comic strip which would supply me with enough income to enable me to do some of the other things I was more anxious to do. In those days a strip would have been the means, not the end. But in recent years I've come to realize that a good comic strip is one of the highest forms of art, so my opinion in this regard has changed completely since those days.

For a time I did the strip 'Dudley D' for the late N.Y. Herald Tribune Syndicate, and some of your readers may remember that one. Their editor, Harry Welker, was a marvelous guy to work with. At one point I happened to be sharing a studio with Mell Lazarus who came to work one morning and told me that he'd sold a novel. I figured I could write one too so I spent a year coming up with 'In a Fly's Eye' which G.P. Putnam's Sons published.

Then there was the time I went over to visit an amateur-sculptor friend who put some clay in my hand, and found myself hooked with sculpture. This eventually led to my having my own sculpture studio and gallery, and of course the sculptures which resulted from my longtime interest in Quixote played a prominent part in my work. An interested visitor one time introduced me to the Book and Record Division of CBS which was just getting ready to publish a book-and-record package on Don Quixote. When we talked the matter over, they wanted to do the book entirely with reproductions of the Quixote sculptures I had done. But there wasn't enough sculpture to illustrate a 100-page book so I did 10 color paintings and a great many wash drawings to fill out the book. The story was narrated on the record, accompanied by background music, and you were told when to turn the page in the accompanying book. Following this I did Pinocchio in the same form and they wound up setting up a corporation I still have, called Design Complex Inc, in which we did about 75 books for this CBS Book and Record Division. I had about 50 freelance artists working on these various projects and we did the packaging as well as the production of the books. I should mention too that over the years I've written and illustrated things for MAD, Boy's Life, Sesame Street, and other publications.

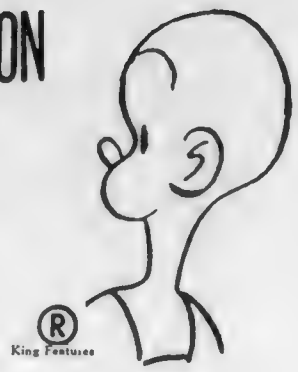
Q: Good luck to you on DON Q! ●

Quixote & Sancho — a bronze



NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CARTOON & HUMOR ASSOCIATION

ED (SKINNY) MITCHELL, PROGRAM CHAIRMAN



ED MITCHELL, the Program Chairman of the NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CARTOON & HUMOR ASSOCIATION, sends us this account of a recent dinner meeting celebrating the 25th Anniversary of Charles Schulz' PEANUTS. We know that all our readers will want to add their congratulations to Sparky on 25 years of a fantastic cartoon career!

By Ed Mitchell

Charles M. Schulz, a member of the Northern California Cartoon and Humor Association ever since he moved his base to sunny California, was honored by that group as his PEANUTS family celebrate its 25th anniversary.

Sparky, a member of the Association's Advisory Board, and according to the program committee, its "best draw", attracted a capacity crowd at the recent San Francisco Dinner.

Under the guidance and gavel of President Glenn Bernhardt, the meeting was a fitting climax to a most successful spring term. Messages of congratulations were sent by Bill Payette, President of United Features Syndicate, celebrated artist Howard Brodie, cartoonist Marty Links, and cartoonist-actor Gary Owens of Laugh In fame.

San Francisco radio station KABL awarded their "Citizen of the Day" certificate to Schulz, for his "generous contribution of time and energy on behalf of school children across the country."

In speaking of the philosophies which his feature employs, Sparky emphasized his continued effort to use "in" ideas. "Demand something of the reader" he suggested. "The faithful get something out of the strip that the casual reader does not get."

He also reminded listeners that "no one can compete with the cartoonist who draws *funny* pictures. Draw with the pen, and don't ink it in..."

Incidentally, he had kind words for the 714 Esterbrook Radial pen..." a strong writing pen, can go fine or broad; won't go in and out, won't break."

Sparky let drop that his pretty wife Jeannie will fly in the July 4th Powder Puff Derby with her mother. Concurrently, Peppermint Patty will fly in the strip with Marcy, renting Snoopy's Sopwith Camel.

This was Schulz' eleventh appearance before his San Francisco friends, and a consensus vote called this "the best meeting ever."

Photos by Alyce Sheehan

Sparky and Jeannie relax while the Seven Hills chef goes all out to please his capacity crowd.

Prize winner, Ms. Burns, smilingly anticipates the autograph.

Dick Flood colors a portrait of the honored guest.

Honored guests proudly wear their traditional NCCHA 'Good Guy' AWARDS. President Glenn and Program Chairman Ed Mitchell in background.

Autographs for 'Peanuts' fans. (Jeannie and Glenn Bernhardt to Schulz' left)

George Lemont (Dr. Smock) digs the words of his admired friend Sparky.

PEANUTS
MARCIE AND I ALMOST WON. THE POWDER PUFF DERBY, CHUCK
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID? HE TOOK BACK HIS AIRPLANE, AND WE COULDN'T FINISH THE RACE...
I PAID HIM A DOLLAR TO RENT HIS PLANE, AND I CAN'T EVEN GET MY DOLLAR BACK BECAUSE HE SPENT IT ALL ON COOKIES...
7-12
SCARF CITY!
Tm Reg U S Pat Off — All rights reserved ©1975 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
SCHULZ

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LEE FALK, who writes the daily and Sunday scripts for two famous strips—MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN and THE PHANTOM—for King Features Syndicate, is a man of very wide-ranging interests and activities. In addition to writing 4 different continuities—since the daily and Sunday Mandrakes are different stories, and the same is true of The Phantom—Falk adapts and converts stories he's done in strip form for publication as novels. Avon Books has published 12 of these and 4 of them were written by Falk himself. A great interest in the theater, which began when he started a summer theater and commenced writing plays in his middle 20's, has resulted in his writing perhaps a dozen plays over the years. Several summers ago he wrote the book for a Mandrake musical which he developed from an old Mandrake story. In addition, he had 5 of his own summer and winter stock companies in Boston, Cambridge, Marblehead, Framingham, and Nassau. Falk lives in New York City, has a summer house on Cape Cod, is a longtime tennis player, likes to go to the theater, opera, and the ballet, and is a great traveler. Other hobbies include astromomy and politics.

Q: You were still in college when you started MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN, weren't you?

A: Yes—I was 19 and I still had a couple of years to go at the University of Illinois. I wrote and drew up a couple of weeks of the strip more or less as a prank and it never occurred to me that anybody would buy it. I'd had art school classes, had always sketched and drawn a bit, and of course I was interested in comics, but I thought of myself mainly as a writer, and was majoring in literature in college. Right after I learned to write, as a little boy, I'd sit down and write stories, read them to my folks, and they'd say, "Wonderful." Naturally, that encouraged me a great deal. Well, with the two weeks of strips that I had drawn up, I came east with my father during a vacation and offered them to King Features. To my amazement, they bought the strip! My first thought was, "My gosh, now I've *really* got to do it!" King wanted a Sunday page too, and since I considered myself a rather poor artist, I found an older, established artist, Phil Davis, in St. Louis where I'd grown up. He was a commercial illustrator who was a little tired of freelancing, and he agreed to illustrate the scripts which I would write while still in school. I guess I figured that when I got out of college I'd also do the drawing but things didn't work out that way. The fact that Mandrake was a whole new idea, and that there wasn't anything like it around, was probably the main reason that King took the strip on. That was a little over 40 years ago.

Q: There's an interesting story as to how you decided on the name MANDRAKE, isn't there?

A: I had always been fascinated by the great stage magicians, from the days of Thurston on, as well as by the great detectives like Arsene

LEE FALK

Photos by Jim Ruth.

Falk received the famed 'Yellow Kid' award presented at Lucca, Italy in 1971.

Lupin, Sherlock Holmes and others, and I devoured the stories about Marco Polo, Richard Halliburton and similar adventurers. As a kid I used to read endless fairy tales, the epics and legends of Europe, and I read avidly all the accounts of expeditions to the North and South Poles and about all the other explorations. I decided on the name, MANDRAKE, after reading a poem by the famous 17th-century poet, John Donne:

SONG

Goe, and catche a falling starre
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot.
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to 'advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet,
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet shee
Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

I wondered what a mandrake root was, looked it up and found that it was an actual root in the medieval pharmacopeia, supposed to do marvelous things such as bringing fertility to women, ending disease, etc. Incidentally, the ginseng root of today is the mandrake root. Mandrake is a very simple word, yet it's unusual, there's only one way you can say it, so for a comic strip name it turned out to be a lucky choice.

Q: At this point it might be appropriate for you to talk about the characters in Mandrake.

A: Well—Mandrake is a superb hypnotist among other things, and when he instantaneously produces deep hypnosis, or hallucination, in a subject, he can make him think he's a grasshopper, or that the gun in the subject's hand has turned into a banana. All of this is pure illusion—it doesn't really happen but the subject thinks it does. My visual image of Mandrake was that of a stage magician, very suave and elegant, a charming man in top hat and tails and white tie, who's a master of sleight-of-hand, and telepathy. He's a gentleman adventurer and also a great detective. Mandrake's closest friend through the years has been LOTHAR, a very powerful black giant, the strongest man in the world, yet gentle, an African prince with a good sense of

Mandrake the Magician

WHILE MANDRAKE SITS IN A TRANCE IN HIS STUDY AT HIS HOME, XANADU--
FALK and REDICKS 10-16
--HIS MIND REACHES THERON IN FAR-OFF TIBET--
ALEENA SENT ME A MESSAGE, ASKING MY HELP. I CANNOT FIND HER.
I'VE NO INTEREST IN HER.
THERON, SHE WAS YOUR STUDENT-- WHEN I WAS HERE.
SHE'S BECOME A FRIVOLOUS, VAIN WOMAN--SHE MISUSES THE POWERS I TAUGHT HER.
I'VE LOST PATIENCE WITH HER.
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TOMORROW: FRIVOLOUS ALEENA!

Photo by Jim Ruth

Falk with the cover painting for one of his novels.

humor. He was prince of the Federated Tribes but gave up the throne because he preferred a job with Mandrake.

The girl friend of Mandrake is NARDA. former princess of Cockaigne, an imaginary country out of the Middle Ages in France, a place where everything was gold and silver on the ground, and where ice cream cones would have grown on trees if they'd had ice cream cones then.

These are the main characters, although once in a while, I bring back 'The Cobra', one of the oldest villains in the comics, who was in the very first Mandrake story. His real name is Luciphor, and he was young Mandrake's teacher when Mandrake attended a college of magic in the mountains of Tibet. But 'The Cobra' went bad and used his great powers for evil. He wears a silver mask since his face was injured by fire when Mandrake first tried to destroy him many years ago. I might add that Mandrake was a very early science-fiction strip and there was obviously a Jules Verne influence in my thinking. Of course the sci-fi in the strip has always been simplified and rather tongue-in-cheek.

Q: We know that after you got out of school you thought of another strip idea, THE PHANTOM, and that you've continued to write them both during all the years since then. Would you say something about the various artists who have done the drawings for these enormously popular strips?

A: Well, as you know, Phil Davis began to do the drawing on Mandrake. He hired an assistant named Ray Moore, who did some of the inking-in for Phil for several years. When I developed the idea for The Phantom, I asked Phil if he minded if I let Ray Moore try it. By this time I had decided I'd rather work with artists than try to draw the strips myself because these fellows were much better than I was. Of course I sketched up some Phantom drawings and Ray Moore took it from there—he was the original Phantom artist. The work he did then still looks magnificent, and when the comics aficionados in Europe talk about The Phantom, they go back to Ray Moore. He drew the strip for 3 or 4 years till World War II came along, and Ray went into the Air Force. A buddy of his, Wilson McCoy, took over the drawing while Moore was in the service, although for several years during that

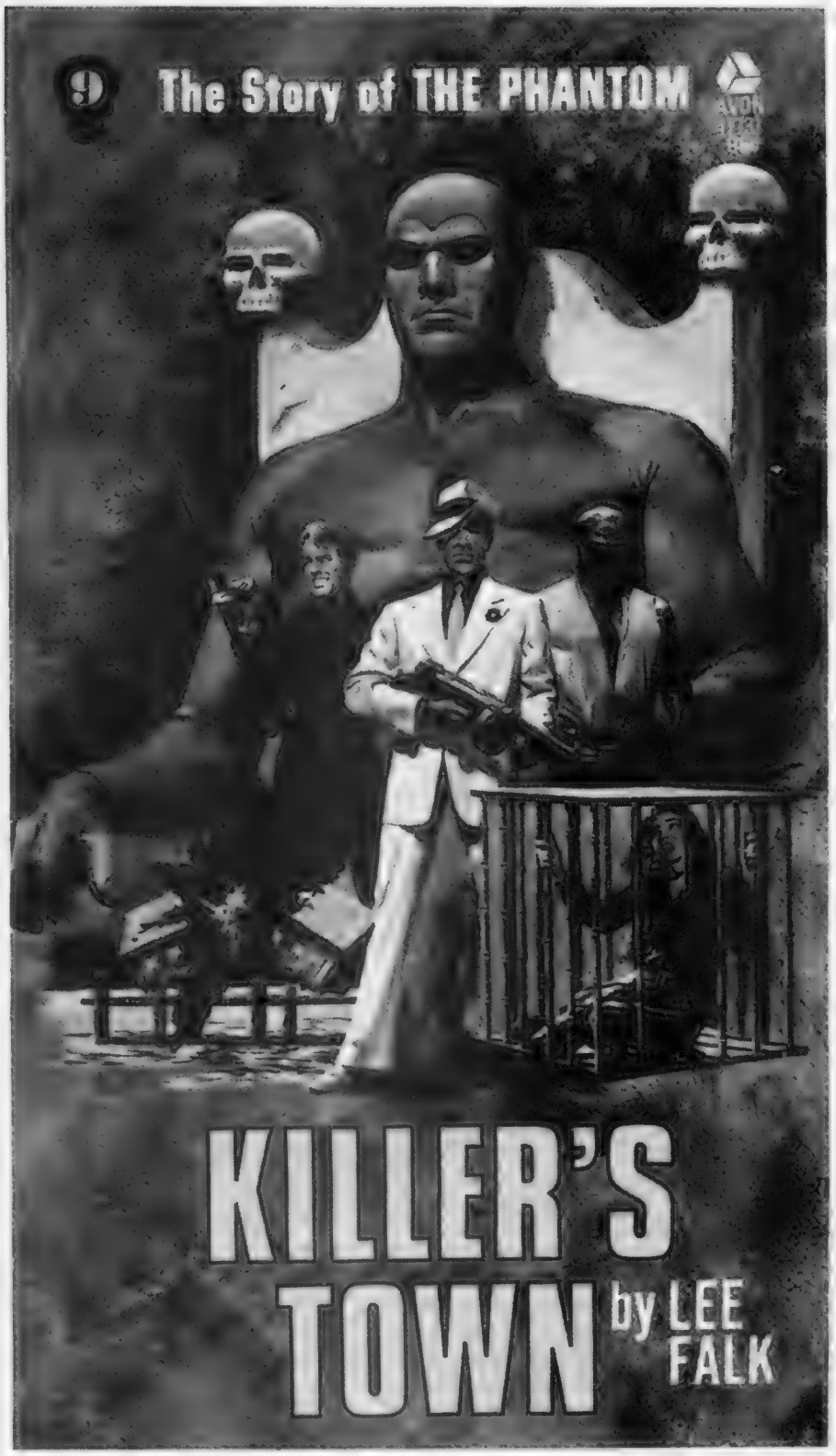
The Phantom

period the strip still carried the by-line 'Lee Falk & Ray Moore'. Ray came back from the war with a nervous disorder—some kind of neuralgia—which prevented him from carrying on with the strip, so McCoy continued to do the drawing for many years till his death in the early 1960's. At that time Sy Barry took over the drawing.

As for Mandrake, Phil Davis did the drawing till his death in 1964, at which time Fred Fredericks came into the picture. The coming of these younger men—Barry and Fredericks—gave me new stimulation for the writing of the strip since both of them had been great fans of the two strips for years and were enthusiastic about taking on the drawing. This enthusiasm rubbed off on me and it's been great fun working with these two. Both of them had lots of experience—Sy used to work on Flash Gordon with his brother, Dan Barry, and Fred had been in the book field for a long time.

Q: Can we talk about the Phantom for a bit?
A: The Phantom comes out of my great interest as a kid in hero stories, the great myths and legends—Greek, Roman, Scandinavian, the Songs of Roland, El Cid in Spain, King Arthur and others. There's a heroic thing about him, he's sort of a legendary character. He started out fairly simply and gradually I've added more and more legendary things about him till he has a whole folklore around him. The Jungle Book of Kipling's and 'Tarzan of the Apes' influenced me, as you can imagine. Apparently this legendary quality seems to be the most popular feature of the Phantom with readers.

Q: There have been a great many Phantoms during the past 400 or so years, haven't there?
A: Yes, the present Phantom is the 21st. The father of the first Phantom was cabin boy to Columbus on his trip to America. The Phantom is believed by people in the jungle, and by sailors of the seven seas to be immortal—the man who can never die—because they think it's always the same man. But of course when one Phantom dies, his son takes over. He's a man of justice—he follows the original Phantom oath of devoting his life to the destruction of piracy. Piracy of course can be all kinds of crime, injustice and cruelty. He's known in the



The cover of one of the Phantom novels.

I'M GOING BACK TO SETTLE UP WITH ALEENA... AND FREE THOSE UNHAPPY EX-HUSBANDS.
THE GIRLS?
COME, LOTHAR. STAY ON GUARD HERE, HOJO. SAY GOODBYE TO THE GIRLS...
WE'RE GOING, TOO!
MANDRAKE, YOU DON'T THINK I'LL LET YOU SEE THAT ENCHANTRESS AGAIN... WITHOUT ME!
NOW... NARDA...
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FALK and REFSDICKS 1-11

jungle as 'Keeper of the Peace'—a one-man U.N., he sits with the chiefs and tries to work things out when there's trouble.

Q: Tell us about the other characters.
A: There's the Phantom's girl-friend, Diana Palmer, an Olympic Gold-Medalist diver, explorer, pilot, athlete, a paramedic with the U.N. medical corps. Also there is his wolf, Devil, and his white stallion, Hero. He lives in Deep Woods, where his closest friends are the pygmies. They're actually very nice people but all the other tribes avoid this place because they're known as "the pygmy poison people". The Phantom lives in the Skull Cave (because of the natural rock formation it looks like a skull from the outside) which contains all sorts of wonderful things such as the Phantom Chronicles, big folio volumes detailing the 400-year adventures of the various Phantoms.

Q: I know that you were interested in the theatre during your school days, that you did a lot of acting then and also wrote plays. I'm wondering whether that experience helped you in writing scripts for your comic strips?
A: Writing plays is a very definite craft—it's like building a cabinet—you just don't write it, you've got to know how to build it. You have to know about entrances and exits, how a scene works, how lines sound, etc. And I think the art of writing a comic strip is closer to the theatre and to film technique than any other kind of writing I know. When I do my stories for Mandrake and Phantom, I write a complete scenario for the artist, in which I detail the description of the scene, the action and the costumes. If new characters are being introduced, I write their descriptions and the dialogue for each panel. With such a scenario in front of him, a cameraman could take this and shoot it or an artist can take it and draw it.

The first thing you have to do is to get a good story and the only way you know whether you have a good story is if you like it yourself. Strips like these are read by all kinds of people all over the world and you couldn't possibly know what would please or displease all of them. I have to follow my own taste because there's nobody else around, and I don't go to a lot of people for opinions because I'd get too confused. I've found that if I'm getting bored with a story, it's time to cut if off pretty fast. Of course that's not always true—sometimes the stories I like the best are not favorites with readers—but generally I try to please myself. I've raised three children and I used to try out stories on them—I could tell when their interest flagged that the story was getting boring.

Here's an example of the type of thing I occasionally find in the news: Some years ago I read a story in 'Life' about a Swiss biologist who was engaged in the back-breeding of cattle. He was trying to breed back to a primitive, wild European type of cattle called 'Auroch', which has been extinct for 20,000 years. Its fossilized remains had been found so he knew what these primitive beasts looked like. This biologist finally created Auroch. I loved this story, grabbed it at once, and did a Mandrake story in which a scientist is breeding back with a lizard. I used a beam to accelerate the process, and before you knew it, the scientist wound up with Tyrannosaurus Rex, 10 stories high, roaming through New York, causing a great deal of trouble! I like to find things like this because it keeps the strip contemporary. I've had stories in Mandrake involving ghetto kids—the drug scene—muggers in Central Park. Perhaps one reason these strips have had a long life is that I've kept them fresh with my own current interests.

Each artist, out of his own interests and imagination, creates his own world in his strip—this is true of Peanuts, Beetle Bailey, Popeye, all good strips. And you accomplish this by not imitating others—you come up with your own idea. To me, the Phantom and Mandrake are very real—much more than the people walking around whom I don't see very much. You have to believe in your own characters. ●

I WON'T ARGUE ABOUT MY RIGHTS. NO HUNTING IS PERMITTED HERE. GO!
AS MY NAME IS GRIGOR, YOU'LL REGRET THIS...
DADDY!
TIGER!
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FALK & BARRY 12/14

Editorial Cartoonist Visits Tent City

L. D. Warren and his wife, Julianne, read telegram from the then President Nixon on the occasion of the opening of an exhibition of 26 years of L.D.'s Cincinnati Enquirer editorial cartoons. Exhibition was at The Cincinnati Art Museum during March and April of 1974.

Our friend, L.D. WARREN, who has now retired from many years of distinguished daily editorial cartoon production for the Cincinnati Enquirer, but who still does one cartoon a week for that newspaper, recently wrote the following for the Enquirer's Sunday Magazine after L.D. and his wife, Julianne, attended this year's convention of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists in San Diego, California. We think it's particularly interesting in view of the prominence given to the refugee question in the daily press. Julianne, who formerly was a photographer for The Cincinnati Post & Times-Star, took the pictures accompanying L.D.'s comments.

by L.D. WARREN

The highway from San Diego to Camp Pendleton, California, winds directly past former President Nixon's compound at San Clemente.

The several bus loads of editorial cartoonists, some with their wives, were reminded of an incident three years ago. The Association of American Editorial Cartoonists (AAEC), convening in Washington, had been invited to a White House reception by the President. But the affair was cancelled at the last minute by a call from the Secretary of Communications, Herb Klein, who informed us that the President had just been called to a series of extremely important conferences. We did not learn until sometime later that that was the day of the Watergate break-in—June 17, 1972.

L.D. tells us that after the cancellation of the White House reception which he mentions in this story, he went back to his hotel, still angry, and drew this never-published sketch just to let off steam.

Photos by JULIANNE WARREN

Pulitzer-Prize winning editorial cartoonist, ED VALTMAN.

Throughout the camp, clean clothes hang on tent lines or clothes lines to dry.

Americanization of the refugees is in evidence throughout the camp in sights such as this young girl and her brother enjoying a carton of 'Carnation' milk.

Many of the refugees are well educated and generally affluent. This young woman, wringing out the wash outside her tent, is a teacher.

Fully one half the population was children.

Albany Times-Union editorial cartoonist, HY ROSEN, at the camp.

The visit to the refugee center at Camp Pendleton this past May was one of the activities arranged as part of the AAEC 1975 convention at the Sheraton Harbor Island Hotel in San Diego.

This tent city houses some 20,000 Vietnamese awaiting relocation in various parts of the United States. The refugees do not resent, but welcome the intrusion of their privacy. They welcome the opportunity to talk with and pose for photographs and caricatures by the nosy cartoonists.

Despite accusations to the contrary, they are not immoral drifters or connivers but rather well educated and generally affluent, forward looking individuals preferring the challenges of freedom in the U.S. to the chains of communism in Southeast Asia. About 45% of the camp population spoke English and 75% comprised complete families. Ten babies had been born since the arrival of the refugees. Fully one-half the population was children and the adults included doctors, nurses, teachers, bank employees and businessmen—all living in the sprawling canvas community.

The Marine major in charge briefed the cartoonists on the camp's rules and regulations and gave us insight into their family life. He related the difficulty of keeping late-arriving distant relatives placed in far away tents from moving in with their family groups who may have arrived earlier.

They are informed they may return to their homeland if they wish, but very few express the desire to do so.

On the large playfield, volleyball, basketball and baseball areas are provided. The major said, "They're pretty good at volleyball and baseball—but at basketball they are lousy!"

Tent ropes and clothes lines are continually full of drying clean garments.

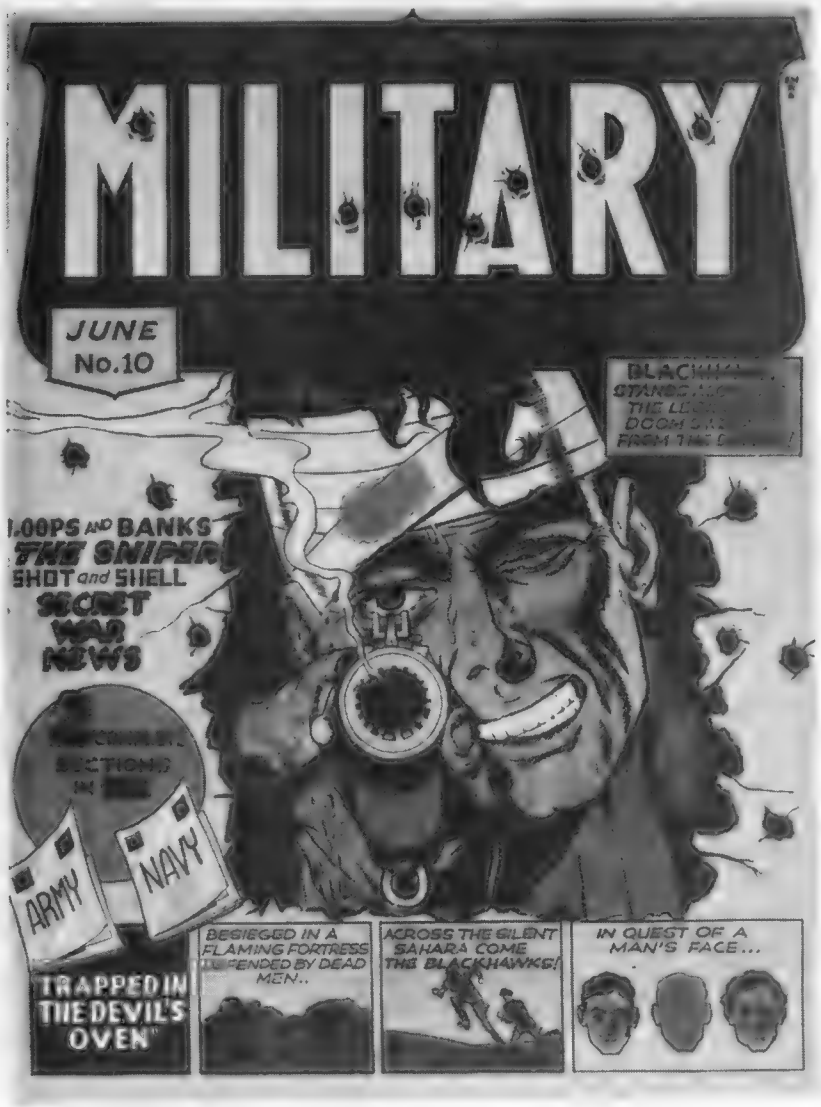
I'm quite sure the cartoonists' wives came away from Camp Pendleton wondering how in the world those Vietnamese women ever managed without a clothes washer and dryer.

Former South Vietnamese Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky didn't see us. He was pooped from many interviews given since his arrival.

A Warren editorial cartoon.

COMIC COMMAND PERFORMANCE No. 2

Dedicated to the Memory of Everett M. (Busy) Arnold



Cover of the 1942 comic book which contained the original version of the Blue Tracer story which Fred Guardineer has re-created for this issue of our magazine.

FRED GUARDINEER

In Issue No. 26 pioneer comic book artist, FRED GUARDINEER, recreated one of his 'Devil of the Deep' stories that he had originally drawn 38 years before for 'Amazing Mystery Funnies'. For this issue he has just redrawn a 6-page "Blue Tracer" story, "The She-Wolf of the Java Sea" which he first did in 1942. Again, Jerry DeFuccio, the Associate Editor of MAD Magazine and the man who conceived the idea of these 'Command Performances', has prefaced this recreation with some interesting explanatory remarks.

THE BLUE TRACER was launched in the first issue of Military Comics, August, 1941. That magazine was already distinguished in that it introduced BLACKHAWK and was Everett Arnold's pride, because Will Eisner was its skipper and Chuck Cuidera, Jack Cole, Bob Powell, Klaus Nordling and William A. Smith were the initial "able bodies"! The finest creative talent in comic books, soon to be joined by my dear friends Dave Berg and Al Jaffee . . . until the real fighting called them to war!

Let's start with the intro to THE BLUE TRACER in Military Comics No. 2, September, 1941: "Wild Bill Dunn, an American Engineer serving with the British Army and his Australian buddy, Boomerang Jones, have been reported dead in a battle which wiped out their outfits. While living with the Ethiopian patriots, they built THE BLUE TRACER out of captured Fascist equipment and made it the fastest and most formidable fighting machine yet invented."

by Jerry De Fuccio

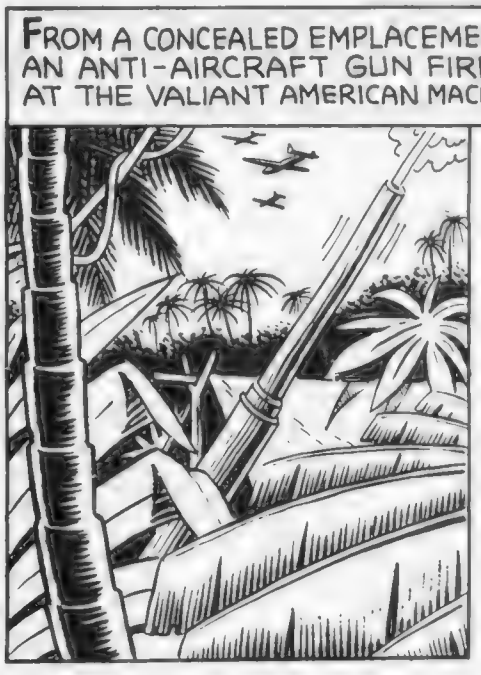
Fred Guardineer particularly liked 'The Blue Tracer' war feature he did for Everett M. (Busy) Arnold's Quality Comics. Fred has a mechanical bent to his mind, and as far as he remembers, he wrote these stories himself, under the guidance of editor Will Eisner. The Blue Tracer was an all-purpose war machine that was shell-proof, submersible, and capable of going on land, under the sea and in the air.

I'd like to say a few words here about 'Busy' Arnold who, I think, had the greatest array of art talent anywhere in his Quality Comics stable. 'Busy' was a very feisty man, and he is especially blessed nowadays by collectors because he used a very heavy stock on his comic books which have held together better than most of those which were published by various other companies over the years. He once told me he could have made a great deal more money during the war if he had cut the number of pages in his books as drastically as most comics publishers did. Incidentally, he acquired his nickname in school where he was always fidgeting around his desk so much that his teachers called him 'Busy'. He started as a printer and, as many printers do, took over a publication when it was unable to pay its bills. Before he died on December 26th, 1974, 'Busy' very graciously gave me permission to use any of his characters, and it's with this gesture in mind that I'd like to dedicate this installment of 'Comic Command Performance' to him.

The Blue Tracer story which Fred Guardineer has recreated for this issue involved adventures with 'The She-Wolf of the Java Sea.' The original version appeared in Issue No. 10 of Quality's 'Military Comics' for June 1942. In the light of the present day some of it is pretty ludicrous stuff but it's so typical of what things were like during World War II — it was blatant propaganda and we were eating it up on our army bases.

THE BLUE TRACER

IN AN EFFORT TO HELP THE BELEAGUERED FORCES OF FREEDOM IN THE PACIFIC, CAPTAIN BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES HURL THE BLUE TRACER INTO A SQUADRON OF JAPANESE BOMBERS INTENT ON BLASTING THE AMERICANS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.



A LUCKY HIT SMASHES A PROPELLER BLADE!

OH-OH! WE GOTTA GLIDE TO THAT ISLAND - MUST BE JAPS DOWN THERE!

THE BLUE TRACER LANDS ON THE SANDY BEACH.

THE TWO MEN ARE SOON QUICKLY AT WORK ON THE DAMAGED PROPELLER...

THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG - AND NOBODY'S COME AFTER US -

YOU AND THE BLUE TRACER ARE MY PRISONERS!

WHO - WHAT?

WOW!

STICK 'EM UP!

I KNOW YOU - YOU'RE CALLED THE SHE-WOLF OF THE JAVA SEA!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST US? AREN'T YOU A WHITE WOMAN? WE'LL PROTECT YOU!

I AM HALF JAP AND AMERICAN - I HAVE NO COUNTRY EXCEPT THIS ISLAND - MY ISLAND - AND I LIQUIDATE ALL COMERS... BUT I CAN CERTAINLY USE THAT MACHINE OF YOURS!

THE WAR-LIKE LADY MARCHES HER PRISONERS TO A HOUSE IN THE TREES.

SHE'S QUITE A GAL - SORT OF A MODERN PIRATE!

NOBODY WAS EVER ABLE TO FIND HER IS-LAND BEFORE!

2

BOASTFULLY SHE SHOWS THE MEN HER SUPPLY OF GUNS AND WEAPONS.

IF YOU'LL CALL A TRUCE, I'LL SHOW YOU OUR MOVIE RECORDS OF WHAT WE SAW GOING ON!

THE GIRL AGREES AND BILL BRINGS IN HIS MOVIE PROJECTOR AND SCREEN FROM THE BLUE TRACER.

I'M NOT TAKING SIDES IN THIS WAR-!

BUT, LADY! HOW CAN YOU STAND THE JAPS' TREATMENT OF HELPLESS CIVILIANS?

WAIT TILL YOU SEE THESE ACTUAL FILMS WE TOOK IN CHINA, MANILA, HONG-KONG, MALAYA...

VIVIDLY THE FILM PORTRAYS THE CRUELTY OF THE BARBARIC JAPANESE FORCES...

CAPTURED PRISONERS OF WAR ARE TORTURED AND BEATEN BY THE JAPS!

AND THAT AIN'T ALL, SISTER! YOU OUGHT TO SEE WHAT THEY DO TO KIDS!

I-I DID NOT KNOW IT WAS AS AWFUL AS THAT- OOHH...

ACROSS THE SCREEN PASS THE CHILDREN CRIPPLED BY JAP BOMBS AND GUNS!

STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND IT! LET ME JOIN YOU, PLEASE!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT A SHELL EXPLODES NEARBY!

WHO-

WHAM

BLIND

BLIND

BLIND

3

A JAP WARSHIP HAS QUIETLY MOVED OFF THE COAST OF THE LITTLE ISLAND.

WE'RE GOING TO BE INVADED!

C'MON, BOYS! I'M READY FOR THEM! THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!

ABOARD SHIP, THE JAP SOLDIERS PREPARE TO INVADE.

PROBABLY NO ONE THERE EXCEPT A COUPLE OF BEACHCOMBERS!

BUT ON THE ISLAND THE GIRL RATIONS HER ARSENAL OF GUNS.

HERE'S A "*CHICAGO GUN*" FOR YOU!

GEE - WHAT A COLLECTION!

HERE THEY COME!

DON'T SHOOT 'TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!

THE LANDING PARTY SPEEDS TO SHORE!

AS THEY STRUGGLE IN THE SURF, THE THREE DEFENDERS LET GO!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

CAUGHT IN THE MURDEROUS FIRE OF THE MACHINE GUNS, THE INVADERS ARE COMPLETELY WIPED OUT!

4

MORE BOATS PUT OUT FROM THE BATTLESHIP...

THE WOMAN LOADS A BARREL INTO A SPRING, MADE OF A BENT TREE...

THIS IS MY INVENTION – THE BARREL'S FULL OF SNAKES!

THE TRIGGER ROPE IS CUT AND THE TREE SNAPS FORWARD!

FWIP

THE BARREL LOOPS THROUGH THE AIR...

AND SMASHES INTO ONE OF THE BOATS - SCATTERING THE POISONOUS SNAKES, CAUSING PANIC AND PAINFUL DEATH!

OKAY, FOLKS! WE BETTER SCRAM, THERE ARE TOO MANY OF 'EM! TO THE BLUE TRACER!

NOW I'M YOUR PRISONER.

THE THREE FIGHTERS RACE INTO THE WAITING MACHINE...

MAKE WITH THE LEGS FOLKS!

WITH BILL AT THE CONTROLS, THE BLUE TRACER ZOOMS OFF THE GROUND!

WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT BATTLESHIP!

AT SIGHT OF THE BLUE TRACER, THE JAP SHIP FLEES - FIRING AS IT GOES!

PREPARE TO DIVE - RAM - *HERE WE GO!*

RETRACTING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS, THE BLUE TRACER DIVES LIKE AN AERIAL TORPEDO...

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

ARMOR PLATES AND STEEL BULKHEADS CRUMBLE AS THE BLUE TRACER CRASHES INTO THE NIPPONESE BATTLESHIP...

THE DIVING BLUE BULLET GOES RIGHT THROUGH ITS TARGET!

♪ WHY DON'T WE DO THIS MORE OFTEN ? ♪

AS BILL SWOOPS UP OUT OF THE SEA, HIS PASSENGERS WITNESS THE END OF THE WARSHIP!

THAT "*RISING SUN*" IS SETTING!

YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE ALLIED COMMANDER...THERE ARE MANY SECRETS OF THE JAPANESE THAT I CAN TELL HIM!

OKAY, LADY.

AND SO THE FIGHTERS ON THE SIDE OF THE ALLIED COUNTRIES ZOOM AWAY TO CONTINUE THE WAR AGAINST THE AXIS OF DESTRUCTION.

THE YANKS ARE COMING!

6

WILD BILL DUNN OPERATES ONE OF HIS EARLY 30 CAL. WATER COOLED MACHINE GUNS.
THE BLUE TRACER CLOSES IN ON ONE OF THE JAP PLANES THAT BOMBED PEARL HARBOR.
THE SHE-WOLF OF THE JAVA SEA, HALF JAP AND HALF AMERICAN, HELPS BILL AND BOOMERANG
THE NEWEST JAP TERROR, "THE THING" ENGAGES THE BLUE TRACER IN A VICIOUS STRUGGLE ON THE U.S. WEST COAST.
A NAZI SUBMARINE IS SENT TO THE BOTTOM AS THE BLUE TRACER SMASHES IT TO BITS IN AN UNDER-SEA BATTLE.
BOOMERANG JONES DOES HIS THING WITH HIS ABORIGINE WEAPON.

A Guardineer montage of some of the feats described in Blue Tracer stories.

THE BLUE TRACER

(IN AUTOMATIC SHOOTING, EVERY 6TH SHOT IN THE AMMO BELT IS A BLUE COLORED "TRACER" WHICH PROBABLY ORIGINATED THE NAME IN BILL EISNER'S FERTILE BRAIN!)

AND THE ICEBERG OF DEATH

WITH WILD BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES

BY FRED GUARDINEER-30 YEARS LATER!

THE MYSTERY SHIP THAT HAS BEEN SINKING ALLIED SHIPPING ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC TURNS OUT TO BE A NAZI SUBMARINE INGENIOUSLY CAMOUFLAGED AS A DRIFTING ICEBERG WITH GUN PORTS AND COLLAPSIBLE SIDES...

...THE CHARGING BLUE TRACER ATTACKS ON THE SURFACE.

THE NAZI ROCKET TANK

THIS NEW TANK RAVAGES THE RUSSIAN COUNTRY-SIDE AND THE BLUE TRACER ARRIVES FOR A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

IN A FIERCE STRUGGLE OF TITANIC MACHINES, THE BLUE TRACER GETS THE ADVANTAGE...

CRUNCH!

... BY LANDING ON TOP OF THE NAZI MACHINE. EVENTUALLY, OUR SIDE WINS.

THE SHE WOLF OF THE JAVA SEA

THIS LADY FREEBOOTER ASSISTS BILL AND BOOMERANG AGAINST..

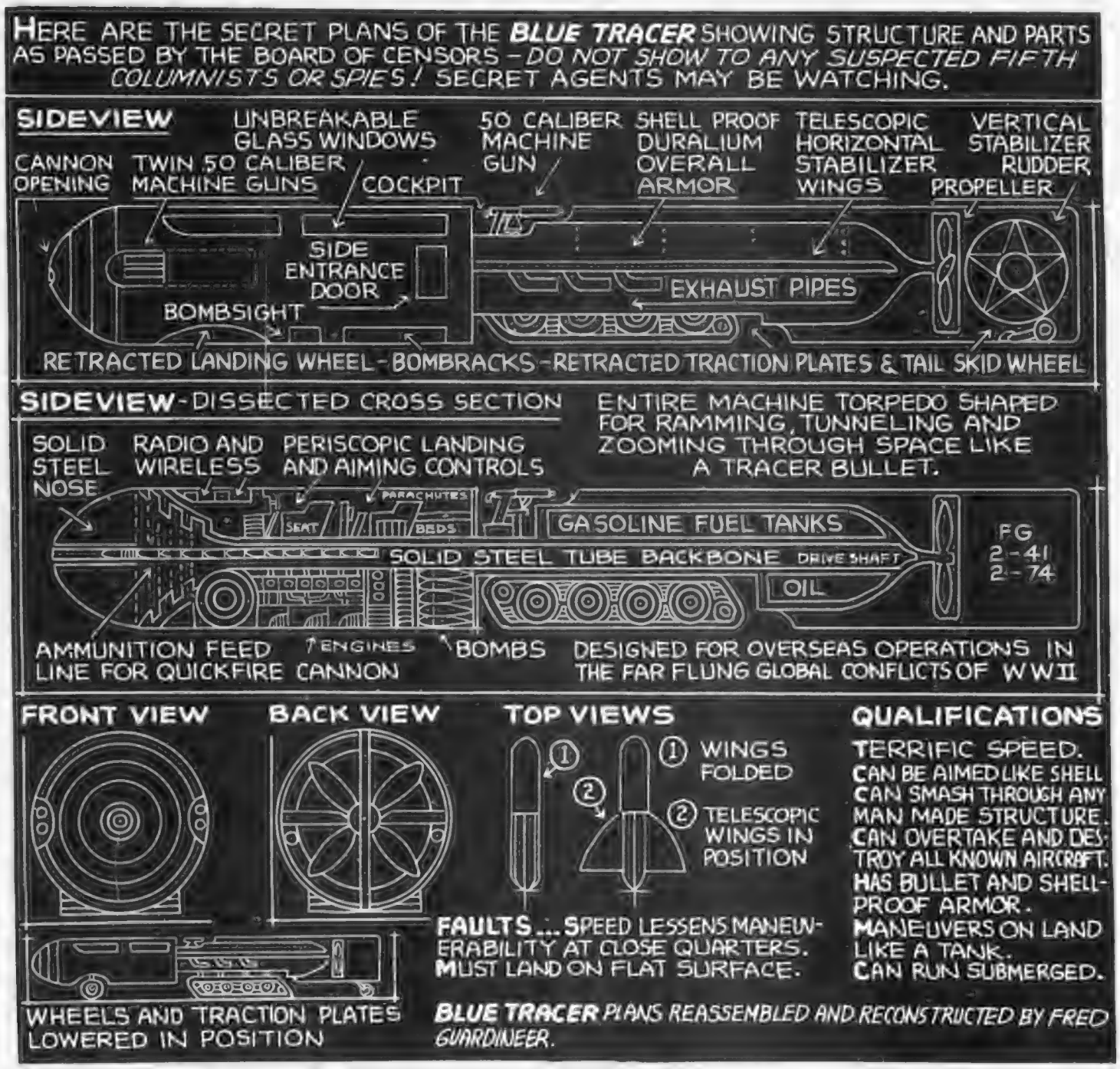
... THE HORDES OF INVADING JAPS BY CATAPULTING A BARREL OF POISONOUS SNAKES INTO THE LANDING BOAT CAUSING DEATH AND PANIC ... THE BLUE TRACER THEN CONCENTRATES ON BIGGER GAME ...THE JAP BATTLESHIPS.

Here Fred Guardineer gives us a brief glimpse of the adventures involved in the Blue Tracer's duels with various adversaries — the 'She-Wolf' story of course is the one that he has recreated for this issue.

Spot drawing from 'The Blue Tracer'

Spot drawing from a Blue Tracer story featuring 'Wild Bill Dunn and Boomerang Jones'. We hasten to add that he's later rescued by his partner.

Another indication of the propaganda atmosphere prevailing during the war period — Fred always showed the Japanese eating fish heads.


HERE ARE THE SECRET PLANS OF THE BLUE TRACER SHOWING STRUCTURE AND PARTS AS PASSED BY THE BOARD OF CENSORS – DO NOT SHOW TO ANY SUSPECTED FIFTH COLUMNISTS OR SPIES! SECRET AGENTS MAY BE WATCHING.
SIDEVIEW
CANNON OPENING
TWIN .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS
UNBREAKABLE GLASS WINDOWS
COCKPIT
.50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN
SHELL PROOF DURALIUM OVERALL ARMOR
TELESCOPIC HORIZONTAL STABILIZER WINGS
VERTICAL STABILIZER RUDDER
PROPELLER
SIDE ENTRANCE DOOR
BOMBSIGHT
EXHAUST PIPES
RETRACTED LANDING WHEEL - BOMBRACKS - RETRACTED TRACTION PLATES & TAIL SKID WHEEL
SIDEVIEW - DISSECTED CROSS SECTION
ENTIRE MACHINE TORPEDO SHAPED FOR RAMMING, TUNNELING AND ZOOMING THROUGH SPACE LIKE A TRACER BULLET.
SOLID STEEL NOSE
RADIO AND WIRELESS
PERISCOPIC LANDING AND AIMING CONTROLS
PARACHUTES
SEAT
BEDS
GASOLINE FUEL TANKS
SOLID STEEL TUBE BACKBONE
DRIVE SHAFT
OIL
FG 2-41 2-74
AMMUNITION FEED LINE FOR QUICKFIRE CANNON
ENGINES
BOMBS
DESIGNED FOR OVERSEAS OPERATIONS IN THE FAR FLUNG GLOBAL CONFLICTS OF WWII
FRONT VIEW
BACK VIEW
TOP VIEWS
1 WINGS FOLDED
2 TELESCOPIC WINGS IN POSITION
QUALIFICATIONS
TERRIFIC SPEED.
CAN BE AIMED LIKE SHELL
CAN SMASH THROUGH ANY MAN MADE STRUCTURE.
CAN OVERTAKE AND DESTROY ALL KNOWN AIRCRAFT.
HAS BULLET AND SHELL-PROOF ARMOR.
MANEUVERS ON LAND LIKE A TANK.
CAN RUN SUBMERGED.
FAULTS ... SPEED LESSENS MANEUVERABILITY AT CLOSE QUARTERS.
MUST LAND ON FLAT SURFACE.
WHEELS AND TRACTION PLATES LOWERED IN POSITION
BLUE TRACER PLANS REASSEMBLED AND RECONSTRUCTED BY FRED GUARDINEER.

Apparently Guardineer had space left at the end of one of his Blue Tracer stories so he decided to favor his readers with this detailed blueprint of the ingenious machine. It appeared in Issue No. 4 of Military Comics.

REX MORGAN, M.D.
JUDGE PARKER
APARTMENT 3-G

Dr. Nick Dallis

During the years our longtime friend, PHIL PORTER, spent as Feature Editor of THE PLAIN DEALER, one of the country's largest-circulation newspapers, his enthusiasm for, and knowledge about comics was very well known, and he developed a wide acquaintance and working relationship with cartoonists, writers and editors everywhere. Here he tells our readers about the unusual career of Dr. Nick Dallis who writes the three strips, REX MORGAN, M.D., JUDGE PARKER, and APARTMENT 3-G, for the FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE. Your editor first met Dr. Dallis when he was a psychiatrist in Toledo, Ohio, and periodically ever since then we've indicated we'd like to do a story about him, so it's with extra pleasure we finally present it here.

BY PHILIP W. PORTER

We all admire the dexterity and agility of the man on the flying trapeze and the juggler who keeps three or more balls in the air at once while he wisecracks to his audience, but they are pikers compared to a man who keeps three highly successful continuity comic page strips going simultaneously, and still has time to play a lot of golf.

This amazing man is not only a creative artist, but he is also a doctor and he knows enough law to be a lawyer. He is Dr. Nicholas P. Dallis, formerly of Toledo, Ohio, but for the last 17 years a resident of Paradise Valley, Arizona, one of the bedroom suburbs of fast-growing Phoenix and Scottsdale.

Nick is the creative genius behind Rex Morgan M.D., Judge Parker, and Apartment 3-G. Morgan has been going for 27 years, Parker for 23 and 3-G for 13, and this must be some sort of record. His own name however, does not appear as the author of any of them. They are credited to various pseudonyms, which is just as well, too, because he doesn't actually draw them either. He has skillful collaborating artists who do the art work after he dreams up the plots.

Dallis was a psychiatrist in Toledo for 14 years, and that's what got him started on Rex Morgan. But he had to give up as a shrink when Morgan and Parker both got rolling with hundreds of subscribing papers, so he packed up and headed for Arizona in 1958, where he is often described as a "retired" psychiatrist. Which is far from accurate.

"No one seems to think that writing three comic strips is work," Nick wrote to me recently. "And maybe it isn't – because I enjoy it."

I've long taken a special interest in Dr. Dallis' work, long before I knew him personally, because when I was Sunday Editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, I was one of the first editors who bought Rex Morgan and Judge Parker when they were first launched. They both seemed naturals, which couldn't miss, because the subject matter hadn't been dealt with in a strip before, the continuity moved fast and the people in the strip seemed to be human, not just fragments of fantasy. (Of course, it didn't hurt them to be presented by my old friend Arthur Rudd, the persistent supersalesman for Publishers Syndicate; but they stood on their own feet, and really didn't need Arthur's oratory to sell them.)

(I didn't buy Apartment 3-G for the Plain Dealer when it first came out, which may have been a mistake, as it was carried for a long while by the opposition paper, the Press. Actually I was not aware then that Nick Dallis was master minding it.)

The amazing Dr. Dallis, now 63, was born in New York City, to parents of Greek extraction, and went to school in Glen Cove, Long Island. He's the eldest of three children, and has two sisters. He attended Washington & Jefferson College in Washington, PA., where he first developed a

REX MORGAN, M.D.

YOU'RE LATE! YOUR FIRST THREE PATIENTS ARE HERE AND WAITING!
I--I WAS HELD UP AT THE HOSPITAL!
BRADLEY EDGINGTON 8-8
I HAVE MRS. LACEY IN THE EXAMINING ROOM! YOU HAVE HER LISTED FOR A PHYSICAL TODAY!
YES--
IS ANYTHING WRONG, REX? I HAVE THE FEELING THAT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I SAID---
WHAT? NO--- EVERYTHING'S FINE--

taste for the newspaper business, having been the editor of the college weekly in his senior year. He was also active in sports, and won the middleweight title of the Eastern Intercollegiate Boxing Conference in 1933 at Morgantown, W. Va.

Nick took his BA degree from W & J, then went to Temple University School of Medicine in Philadelphia, hit the books hard and was graduated as a medic in 1938. After that, a year of internship at a hospital on Long Island. About this time, he was married to Sara Luddy, a nurse whom he met while in medical school. Mrs. Dallis continued to work as a general duty nurse at the same hospital that Nick served as resident in medicine.

At this period, Dr. Dallis had decided to be a general practitioner, so he took over the practice of a doctor at Temple, Pa, who had died after serving the community for 30 years.

"Temple is a very small town about 15 miles from Reading," said Dr. Dallis, "and it was truly a country practice. I delivered women of their babies in their homes with the assistance of my wife, who gave open-drop ether. It turned out to be one of the most interesting years of my life – but, during that year, I realized that I wanted to specialize in psychiatry. I knew that if I continued in general practice for more than a year, it was doubtful that I'd ever leave to specialize. So I accepted an appointment as a resident in psychiatry at the Henry Ford Hospital and Clinic in Detroit in October, 1941, and Sally and I moved to Detroit."

Because of World War II, which started Dec. 7, 1941, he was frozen in his job at the Henry Ford Hospital until 1945.

Finis la guerre, and it was time for another move. This was the one which transformed Nick Dallis into a comic page creator. He moved to Toledo, to be director of a newly founded City Mental Health Clinic, and consultant in psychiatry at the Juvenile Court. Since both these were part-time jobs, he started private practice as a psychiatrist, and in 1950 it became full-time.

The combination of living in Toledo and working in a mental health clinic got him into the strip business, for it was at the clinic that he met Allen Saunders, who was on the board of the Mental Hygiene Center. Allen (who also is a personal friend of mine) was then authoring Mary Worth. Nick told Allen he was thinking about doing a doctor strip, so Allen introduced him to Harold Anderson, the head man of Publishers Syndicate (and one of the authentic geniuses of the syndicate business). This started the ball rolling. Anderson encouraged him to work up some material.

"With the assistance of Frank Edgington, who was employed as a commercial artist with one of the Toledo glass companies, we started working on the strip which eventually became Rex Morgan," said Dallis. "We sent the material to Mr. Anderson and he liked it, but felt that Frank hadn't sufficient experience in comic strip illustrative art to do the strip on his own. He recommended that we consult with Marvin Bradley, who recently had been discharged from military service and was a consulting artist to the syndicate. Brad and Frank spent a couple of days together, decided that they liked each other and could work together. Because of his experience, it was decided that Brad would do the major characters and Frank the minor characters and backgrounds."

So the collaboration jelled, and on May 10, 1948, Rex Morgan first appeared in 70 major newspapers in the United States and Canada. It's been going strong ever since.

"I remember the date well," said Dr. Dallis, "because I was in Washington, D.C. that same day, taking my specialty board exams in psychiatry and neurology. I first saw Rex Morgan in print in the Washington Post.

"We soon realized we had a tiger by the tail. The client list grew rapidly from 70 to 200, then 300. Within five years we also had an international syndication.

"Rex Morgan took on a character of its own in the comic strip field. As the letters

JUDGE PARKER

TO DANCE BEFORE THE SECRET TWENTY MIGHT ENRICH ONE'S LIFE BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS, DONNA!
BUT I DON'T HAVE NO WILD DREAMS, T.T.!
COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER MY DREAMS! SO NOW TELL ME WHAT THE SECRET TWENTY IS!
HAROLD LE DOUX 7-30
IT IS AN ORGANIZATION OF TWENTY MEN... UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN IN THE WORLD!
YOU MEAN THE PRESIDENT'S GONNA SEE ME DANCE?

Apartment 3-G

PROFES-SOR--- HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU!
AND GOOD TO SEE YOU, FRANK! MEET MISS JANICE BROOKS!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MISS BROOKS!
THANK YOU!
WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE SHERRY, JANICE? WE WILL BE HAVING WINE WITH DINNER!
THAT'LL BE FINE, THANK YOU!
KOTZKY

Phil Porter retired as executive editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer in 1966. He was Sunday and Feature Editor for 10 years, prior to moving into the front office, and as such, became a close friend of many comic artists and syndicate managers and ultimately became Chairman of the Newspaper Comics Council, Inc. (1962-64). He firmly believes the comic pages are the most important section of the newspaper, the one that keeps regular readers coming back for more.

Porter was with the Plain Dealer 45 years, beginning as a high school sports correspondent, and going up the ladder as reporter, copy reader, political writer and legislative correspondent, day city editor, news editor, special correspondent, assistant Sunday editor, Sunday editor, managing editor and executive editor. He also wrote a column of comment three times a week for 30 years.

He received the Distinguished Achievement and Service Award from Ohio State University, his alma mater, in 1970 and the Distinguished Service Award (1973) from the Cleveland Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, which he organized and served as its first president in 1950. He is a former president of the Cleveland City Club and Cleveland Advertising Club and is now president of the City Club Forum Foundation.

Since he retired he has been writing a column for the Sunpapers, a group of suburban weeklies in the Cleveland area, and doing extensive traveling in Europe and the South Pacific.

began to come in, I realized that readers were interested in medical problems, but it was not a morbid interest. They were also interested in people, and how they reacted to the problems."

It wasn't long before Dr. Dallis found that he was explaining diseases and the cures for them through the strip.

"Rex Morgan was one of the first to talk about cancer quackery, epilepsy, blindness and cerebral palsy," said Nick. "We didn't lecture and didn't talk down to our readers. For example, when we showed Dr. Morgan and an opthalmoscope, that's what we called it (to the consternation of the lettering artist) – we didn't call it 'the light for looking inside the eye'."

So Rex Morgan, with his faithful and admiring nurse, June Gale, soon became a fixture in our society, joining many comic page characters who had preceded him – Dick Tracy, Orphan Annie, Lil Abner, Popeye, Jiggs, Mutt and Jeff and the Katzenjammer Kids. But Rex became a civic asset, too. The American Medical Association cited Rex and his creators for "contributing immensely to public education on many medical subjects and alerting Americans to the danger of medical quackery. The National Epilepsy League cited Morgan for "depicting, accurately and effectively, the story of epilepsy for the first time in recorded history to a general public woefully unaware of the truly remarkable medical progress in this field." Kiwanis International honored Rex with their Decency Award (others who have received it are Shirley Temple Black, Readers Digest, and Walt Disney.)

The quick and enduring success of Rex Morgan M.D. did not cause Nick Dallis to rest on his laurels and coast for a while. In fact, it did the opposite. His experiences in advising Toledo Juvenile Court had stimulated his interest in law, and he saw an opportunity to do another strip focused on legal problems. By now he had the hang of doing a continuity strip, and he got going on "Judge Parker," with Dan Heilman as the artist. When Heilman later died, Harold LeDoux, who was Dan's assistant, took over the illustration.

Judge Parker was introduced in 1952 and it, too, has now become a fixture and a vehicle for explaining the problems of justice and law enforcement. The Judge doesn't break into the strip much any more, since Dallis introduced a new character named Sam Driver, a young attorney, who seems to have all the main adventures. Driver and his wealthy girl friend, Abbey Spencer, who lives on a big estate, are now the principal figures.

The legal strip has won Dr. Dallis almost as many awards as the medical strip. The American Bar Association presented him a special citation for "the accurate and engaging portrayal of the role of the lawyer and the judge in our society, and especially for your acute insight into the contribution that Legal Aid is making to the principle of 'equal justice under the law'." The Freedoms Foundation has twice given the strip the Washington gold medal. And with crime on the increase all over the country, and law enforcement a political as well as a social issue, Judge Parker promises to continue to draw readers.

Nick's third strip is quite a switch from the other two. It deals with the daily problems of three young working women who share Apartment 3-G in New York City. This one, too, came from personal experience, but not Nick's. It was that of his wife, Sally, who once lived in such an apartment when she was a nurse and Nick was going through Medical school.

"I had been nurturing the idea of such a strip for a long time," said Nick, "but it required an artist who could do a more illustrative type of art and was especially adept in drawing women."

He found the artist in Alex Kotzky, and in 1962, they started Apartment 3-G. The fan mail on it has increased substantially in the last two years," says Dallis, "as though the strip has suddenly been found by the college crowd and especially young women."

Nick was almost embarrassed by an enthusiastic fan letter he received in June from a young woman in Greenwood, Indiana, just outside Indianapolis.

"It was so complimentary that I didn't think our syndicate salesmen could use it; editors would insist that we wrote the letter," said Nick.

The letter, written by Deanna Huntley, of 102 North Brewer St., is indeed enthusiastic. Here it is, in part:

"I am really fascinated with the current story line you are now working on. I wish I knew whether or not Peter and Sally are going to stay together. I hope you let them

get married or at least have a steady relationship going before you change the story line. ...Reading Apartment 3-G is like watching soap operas on television which I, like so many other females, do regularly. That is, until I started working full time. I know it sounds silly, but believe me, after telling a group of my friends that used to watch soaps every day until they started working, too, they have now started reading your strip. Now we don't even miss not seeing our favorites any more. Congratulations. You have finally found something that is as interesting and exciting as soap operas. Please keep up the good work and you'll have more fans than any soap on any of the three major networks."

Dallis says it is not really a problem to dream up a plot based on the vicissitudes of three young women living together in an apartment, because he remembers his wife's residency there poignantly.

"She spent the longest time in that damned apartment," he recalls, "because as a medical student during the depression I was in no position to marry her. The scene changed constantly, because everytime one of the girls got married, the other two would find a new roommate."

Rex Morgan not long ago got into the current controversy over malpractice insurance, and the enormous increase in premiums charged doctors by insurance companies. Actually, he backed into it by telling his admiring nurse, June, that medical practice had changed such a lot that he didn't believe his old pal and former associate, Dr. Keith Cavell, would enjoy returning to practice, because of the necessity of practicing "defensive medicine." Which means ordering a lot more X-rays and laboratory tests than might be really necessary to treat his patients.

"Not for their benefit, but for my protection," said Dr. Rex. And then he came out with a real outburst: "A doctor can no longer practice medicine to the best of his ability and moral judg ment! He must practice as though preparing a brief for the day he's taken into court!"

June seemed a bit stunned, but no more so than the Washington Post, which has carried the Morgan strip since 1948. The ever suspicious editors suspected Dr. Dallis might be campaigning for the A.M.A., particularly since the next day two other strips, "Luther" and "Dr. Smock," came out with malpractice jokes. But Dallis is not campaigning, saying he merely wanted Rex to philosophize a bit about the changes in medical practice.

"I'm not about to have him come up with any conclusions," he said. "We've always avoided taking up issues."

He does believe however that the American jury system is inadequately handling malpractice cases (a belief which I share). "The decision should be made by people who are better qualified than the average layman on whether malpractice exists, and particularly the amount of money that should be paid," says Dr. Dallis.

It isn't 100% true that he never campaigns. He made an important exception in the 50's when Dr. Morgan criticized the system of electing coroners. This often gave the job to unqualified persons who did not even need to be doctors. The Louisville Courier-Journal investigated and the result was that some reform was brought about in the Kentucky system.

It would be interesting to speculate what fun Dr. Dallis might have if he got the two professions which he has created strips about, medicine and law, fighting each other over malpractice. Have Sam Driver bring suit against Rex Morgan, charging malpractice in a case 15 years old, for instance. This could go on quite a while, for doctors who moan about the cost of malpractice insurance blame the high verdicts mainly on lawyers who take big contingency fees when they win verdicts. And lawyers in legislatures have been the principal opponents of attempts to get states to regulate this kind of lawsuit and to provide some coverage when insurance companies have refused.

Rex Morgan has done some highly praised campaigning within the medical field. Over the years, he destroyed the popular myth that leprosy is a highly contagious and totally disfiguring disease, and attacked stereotypes about blindness, epilepsy and mental disease. When Morgan recently mentioned that lithium was a treatment for manic-depressives, the syndicate got a flood of letters from patients and their families.

Dallis says that keeping Rex Morgan up to date requires him to keep reading the medical journals, but he gets most of his strip ideas from his own experience.

"It's a strange medium," he says. "There are very few story-strip writers. Many well-known writers have attempted to do comic strips, but have become frustrated. They couldn't think in terms of panels and balloons. But having done it for 27 years, I think it's a logical way to present a story."

He intends to keep on being real busy doing the three strips under different aliases. The comic-page addict, if he believes what he reads, thinks that someone named Dal Curtis composes and draws Rex Morgan and that a man named Paul Nichols does Judge Parker. Alex Kotzky's name appears over the Apartment 3-G strip, naturally, since he's the artist.

But actually Curtis-Nichols-Kotzky sits in his air-conditioned studio in Paradise Valley, dreaming up the plots and sending roughed-out sketches of characters, with balloons complete, to his three artists, who do the finished drawings, get them approved and then mailed to the Field Newspaper Syndicate in Chicago.

He considers the Phoenix-Scottsdale area a great place to live (except in the summer). Bil Keane, who does Family Circus, lives nearby, but they don't see too much of each other because Nick Dallis is a golfer and Bil a tennis player. Erma Bombeck and her husband, Bill, also live in the area and the Dallises see them on occasion. (The late Henry P. Martin, who founded and managed the Des Moines Register Syndicate, also lived in Scottsdale during the winter and retired there permanently before he died.)

Dr. and Mrs. Dallis have a son, Peter, who lives and works in the Phoenix area, and two daughters, both married and living elsewhere. Sally married a lawyer and lives in San Diego, and Carolyn married a Flying Tiger pilot and lives in San Francisco. ●

Nick Dallis and his wife, Sally, on the patio of their home in Paradise Valley, Arizona.

SAID & DUNN

Famed King Features cartoonist, BOB "They'll Do It Every Time" DUNN.

a great builder-upper and praised Welsh to the fistic heavens, describing some of the ex-champ's top fights. Bud was a great story-teller who had the gift of laughter. He challenged Welsh to a sparring match right there in the exclusive hangout. What the rest of the bar habitues didn't know was that Bud coached Welsh to act frightened when Bud squared off. The ex-champ, in a happy, alcoholic haze, told Bud not to pull his punches but to really make it look good. Both men put up their dukes and began circling as the patrons made room for them. Welsh, one of the cleverest boxers who ever entered the ring, made it look good as Bud seemed to handle the old champ's rights and lefts. In a clinch Welsh whispered "Now!" and Counihan let his Sunday punch go. Welsh purposely took it on his granite chin and, in an Oscar-worthy performance, fell backwards on a table, rolling over and acting thoroughly knocked out as Bud, now into a high gear of hysterics.

Bud and Freddy did not gain entrance to the house. The determined Mrs. Counihan, using a variation of the 'Irish Whip' wrestling hold, tossed both of them off the porch and into the rhododendrons. Bud lay there laughing his head off. Welsh was all seriousness as he picked himself up from the unaccustomed position of being flat on his back, and took in the situation. He crawled

Counihan's antics; like the day Bud tried to see Arthur Brisbane, was denied an audience, and used a window-washer's ladder to confront the editor through the window of his second-floor office.

• • •

Bud found out, or sensed, that I liked off-beat characters and included me in his loan operations. He let me know he only borrowed from guys he liked. (By the way, he always paid back the exact amount). One day I came out of the Mirror Building (King Features has been there since 1931) and there was Bud with a waiting cab, the driver of which was Bud's champion of the moment. He spotted me and went into his happy greeting act – "Hello, you ol' bicycle-rider! You ol' can of tomatoes!" For some reason these two appellations were at the same time his favorite insults and terms of affection. He introduced the sour-pussed cabbie – "The guy with the best safety record of all the guys in the hack bureau."

Bud explained they had just come from the Stork Club where they had been entertained by the famous proprietor, Sherman Billingsley. Turning to the cab driver, Bud said, "Tell him how Billingsley treated us." The dour driver said, *"He threw us the hell out!"* Bud couldn't let that statement stand unchallenged – *"NO, NO! Before that how did he treat us?"*.....

• • •

One day Bud tracked me down to the Palm Restaurant, the eatery the cartoonists made famous with drawings all over the walls and ceilings. Bill Steinke was the first cartooner in residence. Mack Miller, a great comic artist, is carrying on where Steinke left off when he died. Anyway, Bud found me at the bar, talking to a very successful businessman, Pryor Sinclair. Sinclair looked very distinguished and when Bud came roaring in, I chided him with, "Mr. Counihan, I do wish you wouldn't be so raucous. I'm holding a very serious conversation with the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick." Sinclair drew himself up, going along with the gag, and looking as ministerial as possible. Bud scrutinized the man at the end of the bar and gave me his answer – "If that's Harry Emerson Fosdick, why ain't he in his pupil?"

• • •

I saw Bud toward the end of his life. I was invited to a party that Bud's beautiful daughter, Anita, gave for him. He was on the wagon, soft-spoken and reserved. I missed the old laughing wild man....

I just remembered another story Bud told me himself. It was 1917 and the U.S. had just entered World War I. The draft was on. The first cartoonist to sign up was Jack Callahan who drew 'Calamity Jane' and later 'Freddy the Sheik'. Bud, Bugs Baer and a few other cartoonists gave a party for the cartoonist-soldier who was due to march off to Camp Dix via 5th Avenue New York, the Jersey City ferry, and the Jersey Central train. Bud and buddies stationed themselves on the Public Library steps to see Callahan come by. Bud and company were scanning every line, waiting for their pal. At last they spotted him and, instead of weeping, went into hysterics, shouting, "Callahan, we hope you get shot!" They left the library steps and ran along beside Callahan, hollering their imprecations in what a tough sergeant thought was an effort to disrupt the war effort. The merrymakers were pushed, hauled and loaded onto an Army truck and put down in Camp Dix with Jack Callahan having the last laugh all the way from 5th Avenue to southerly New Jersey... And that, gentle reader, is how Bud Counihan won the war. ●

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FRANK AND ERNEST

Readers seem to enthusiastically agree that the comic strip, FRANK AND ERNEST, created by BOB THAVES and distributed by the NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSOCIATION, is one of the funniest ones appearing in newspapers. Bob's situation in cartooning is unusual in that he balances a job as an industrial psychologist with the additional one of producing the daily and Sunday FRANK AND ERNEST. We recently asked Bob to tell our readers how this came about and to talk about his cartoon career. He and his family live in Manhattan Beach, California.

Photo courtesy the "South Bay Daily Breeze."

BOB THAVES

Q: You were exposed to newspapers early in life, weren't you?

A: Yes – my father was a small-town printer who owned, edited and published several midwest weeklies simultaneously. I was born in Iowa and we later migrated to Minnesota where I received most of my education.

Q: That didn't include art training though, did it?

A: No, but I began early to draw comics and as a small boy was fascinated by seeing all kinds of mats of the comics around the newspaper shop. I did the usual drawing for various publications in high school but I guess I did my first real cartooning at the University of Minnesota. After high school, I went into the army during World War II, and after having walked halfway across Europe in the infantry, I came back to Minnesota and went into the curriculum of industrial psychology at the University.

Q: I suppose you worked for the well-known humor magazine there, didn't you?

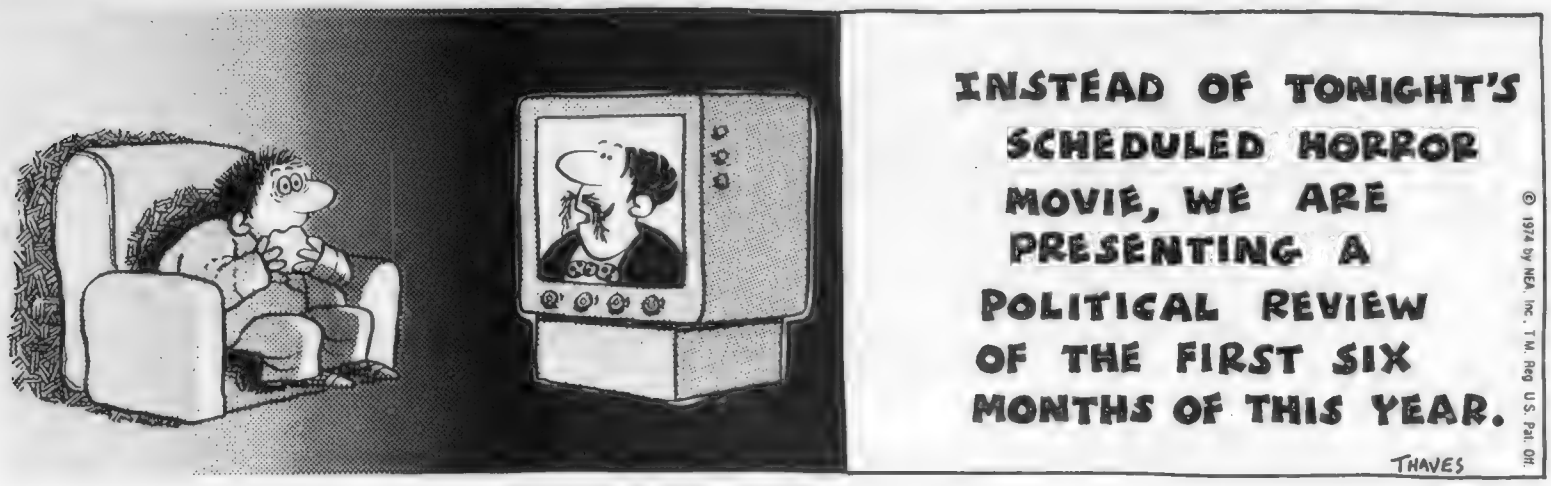
A: Yes – I drew for the SKI-U-MAH and don't ask me where this name came from. It was known affectionately as SKUM! And during my last couple of years at school, I did a more-or-less-daily panel for the student newspaper, "The Minnesota Daily." I got my Bachelor's and Master's Degrees at Minnesota and then decided to come west with a number of friends who were going to the Los Angeles area. Out here I enrolled at USC in a program leading to my PHD and simultaneously I began to do industrial consulting work in psychology to make a living and to pay my way through school. During much of this time I was playing around with my cartooning and I began to sell to a lot of the minor markets. As time went on, I continued to do the consulting, and also began to sell cartoons fairly regularly. Eventually I did manage to complete all the course work for my PHD but by that time I had begun to be impatient with the academic routine, so I never did get around to taking the oral exams or writing a thesis. But I've managed all right without it and my life's probably been happier than if I'd spent an additional couple of years struggling through the academic routine.

Q: You began to sell some of the major markets, didn't you?

A: Yes – the old Saturday Evening Post, True, Cosmopolitan, Saturday Review, etc. As the years went by, I continued to combine my two occupations but when anyone asked me, I'd tell them that my principal area was industrial psychology. I liked the idea of dividing my time between these two activities but I had a family to support, and since magazine cartooning was speculative, I didn't want to jeopardize my consulting by spending too much time on the cartooning. So at this point I began to think in terms of a syndicated comic strip.

I wanted to do a strip where there was a fairly wide latitude because I didn't want to be drawing the same thing day after day. I had in mind some kind of a panel which would be basically sort of a magazine cartoon – where the action could be occurring at any time in history or in any locality so I wouldn't be restrained by a particular setting. Now I had heard that a successful strip must have characters with very sharply defined personalities with

FRANK AND ERNEST **by Bob Thaves**


INSTEAD OF TONIGHT'S SCHEDULED HORROR MOVIE, WE ARE PRESENTING A POLITICAL REVIEW OF THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS YEAR.
THAVES
© 1974 by NEA, Inc. T.M. Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

which the reader can identify, and in my naive way I thought that this might be in conflict with what I wanted to do. But it dawned on me that it's possible to have characters with fairly well-defined basic personalities (or attitudes toward life, etc.) who still don't have to be always dressed exactly the same. They don't have to be at the same time in history. And this is what "Frank & Ernest" eventually became. In spite of the changes in setting, etc., I've kept them basically in character, and I've thrown away cartoons from time to time because Frank and Ernest wouldn't have done a particular thing I'd shown in the gag. Incidentally, I think the syndicated comic strip is almost like the theater – Frank and Ernest are in reality performing from day to day.

Q: Did you start right out with them as the principal characters?

A: No – my first attempt contained them but there were a number of other people as well. I wanted a long panel, extending the full width of the strip, with something happening at the left side of the panel. I had in mind a cast of characters, like a theater repertory company, from which I could pluck the appropriate person each day, and have him (at the right side of the panel) reacting to what was going on. I did perhaps 15 samples with this format but found that it was far too complex. However, Frank and Ernest were included in this cast, so I decided to pull them out and give them the starring role.

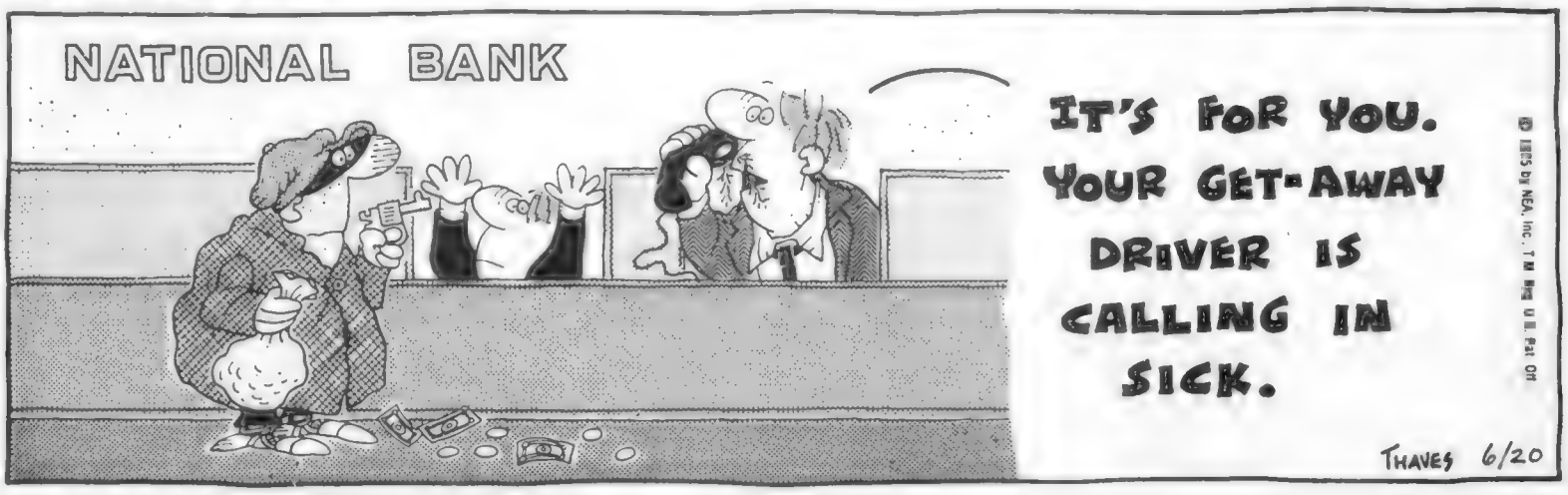
Q: That long panel is fairly unusual in strips, isn't it?

A: Yes – the long panel appealed to me because I've often found myself constrained when doing a magazine cartoon and wishing I could stretch the panel out for more room. And, as you suggested, I felt that the number of long panels which are available to the reader is very limited – "Miss Peach" and a couple of others. In this connection, I sent a number of samples to various syndicates simultaneously and got a few nibbles, but one rejection included the comment that a long stretched-out single panel would never go in newspapers! I might say that I was awestruck that the strip was picked up by Tom Peoples, the Director of Comic Art for The Newspaper Enterprise Association!

Q: Why did you decide to use large block print for your lettering?

A: I didn't want to do the usual balloon – I feel that they're often an intrusion and I also think that there's kind of a flavor to the large block print that is perhaps more comic, or light-hearted. I felt that the lettering should contribute to the tone or the feeling of the cartoon and this isn't the case in the ordinary balloon. In the case of magazine cartoons, if the caption is typeset under the panel, nothing is lent artistically to the cartoon. And, too, the block print is an attention-getter on the comic page. So I guess I broke 3 rules by having the long panel, having characters who aren't always in the same surroundings and who change their identities at will, and by having the block-print style of lettering.

FRANK AND ERNEST **by Bob Thaves**



DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE
WHILE IT'S TRUE, SIR, THAT I DON'T PLANT 'TATERS AND I DON'T PLANT COTTON, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THOSE WHO PLANT THEM ARE NOT FORGOTTEN!
© 1974 by NEA, Inc., T M Reg U.S. Pat Off
THAVES

Q: Is there any relationship between your background in psychology and your "Frank and Ernest" work?

A: People often assume that but I don't find any real relationship between the two – it's as simple as that. I do continue with my consulting but I spend less than half of the time I used to on it. However, as you can guess, my schedule is still unrealistically heavy.

Q: I guess you have pretty ideal working conditions, don't you?

A: I think so – I have a wife and two teenage children and I do my work at home. We built our house here at Manhattan Beach so we were able to design it pretty much as we wanted it. Incidentally, ours is one of a number of beach communities which are pretty much all up and down the Southern California coast – you hardly know when you're leaving one and entering another. We're about 20 miles from downtown L.A. – just far enough to get away from the smog. As far as our house is concerned, I did include an office for myself where I can do the consulting work I bring home – the writing of reports and some analysis of data, etc. – and I keep my cartooning records in here too. I set up my drawing board in our family room. I've managed to introduce total chaos here because I've gradually spilled out of the little corner I carved for myself originally. Also in the room is a very large loom of my wife's, the children have things they're working on, and there's commonly a surf board leaning against a wall.

Q: I know you wanted to say a few things about the tools you use.

A: I had to experiment with various ones since I had had no art training, and even today I'm constantly looking for new kinds of techniques or tools. I make regular trips to a large art store in L.A. once or twice a month and I spend a half-hour or so wandering around to see what's new. I used to use a Gillott crow-quill pen for my magazine cartoons. It was very fine and flexible but I found that it was far too slow for "Frank and Ernest" and I made a lot of mistakes using it. So I switched to 3 Pelikan fountain pens – each with a different nib – and I find these much more workable. I work more rapidly with them and make fewer mistakes. I work on either 2 or 3-ply Strathmore – the plate finish. It seems that some weeks the 3-ply seems to feel better – I don't know why.

Q: You like to use a lot of shading film, don't you?

A: I'm addicted to it and I use the wide variety of tones and patterns I have on hand liberally. Some times I get letters commenting on how much readers like the use of the film in the strip. With a long panel, there's an awful lot of space to fill. I'm aware of the value of white space on occasion but I'm generally reluctant to leave *all* the extra space white. I rough the strip out very lightly in pencil and then go immediately to a finish in ink. I rarely use a light board but if I don't like a part of a strip, and still want to salvage the good parts I've done, I may resort to one. It generally

FRANK AND ERNEST **by Bob Thaves**

I FINALLY FOUND OUT WHY I HAVE THESE BACKACHES. THE DECORATOR SAYS I'VE BEEN SITTING IN THE WASTEBASKET.
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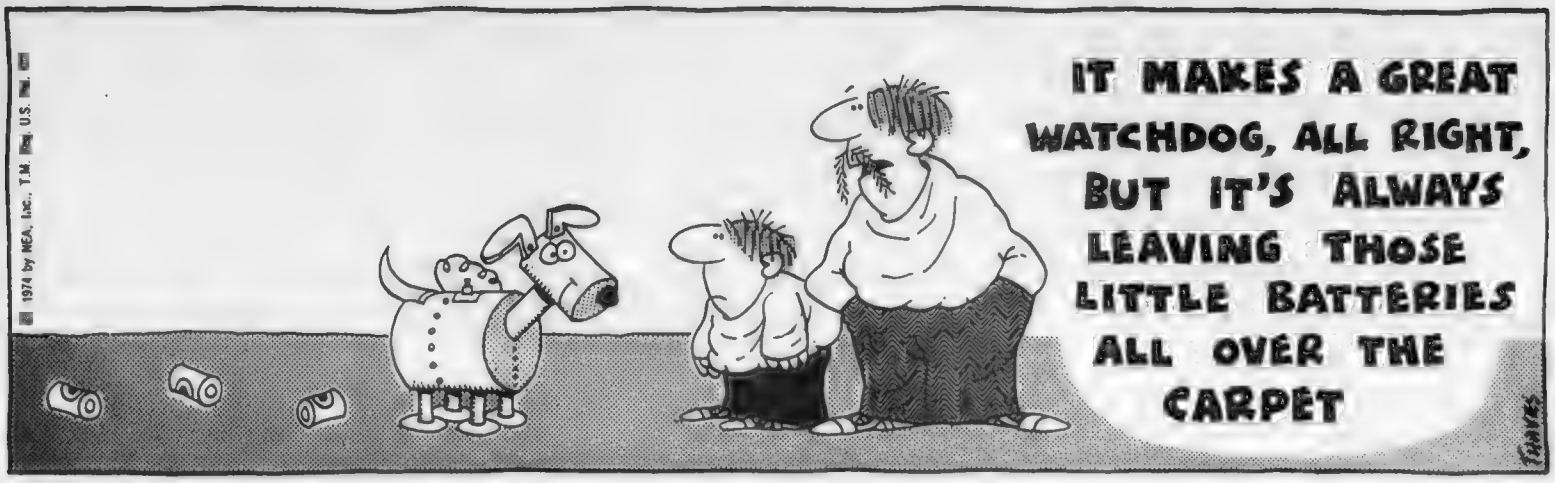
THAVES



takes a couple of hours to complete a daily since the heavy block lettering does take time, as does the application of the shading film. The Sunday page may take a full day or more since there are color guides to be done. And I got used to thinking in terms of a single panel in my magazine cartoon days, and it's harder for me to think in terms of a multi-panel Sunday page.

Q: Do you buy gags from writers?

A: I suppose 25% of the gags in "Frank & Ernest" come from gag writers, and I'm always happy to look at submissions. I use the gags in this 25% very much as I receive them from the writers. Then perhaps another 20% of the total number of gags used in the strip are ones which I may have been able to convert into something usable from just a seed of a gag which may have been submitted. A fairly large number of the gags I come up with myself seem to slowly surface in my mind – the result of observing and listening. I have some friends who are genuinely funny people and sometimes I simply make a note of what they say and discover later that the comments I've noted are usable as cartoon ideas. Of course, as many cartoonists do, I will occasionally go back to old cartoon collections, leaf through them, and as a result of immersing myself in these, or of focusing on certain cartoons, I'm able to make a switch – but this is rare.

To continue for a moment on the subject of idea production, I try to take two things which are not ordinarily and logically associated in one's mind, and to associate them in an entirely new and different way. My personal belief is that this is the essence of all creativity. It's necessary to be constantly alert to the possibility of there being something funny in situations you're confronted with. My personal preference is for off-beat gags where the drawing is an integral part of the gag, and where the burden of the humor is not carried entirely by the caption. To illustrate this method of taking two things which aren't ordinarily associated, let's say that Frank and Ernest are standing in a dark room and holding a flashlight. The flashlight goes out and you see the beam bending down as water does in a garden hose. Frank says: "Who knows – maybe the battery is getting weak."

As you can guess, I also like gags where the setting is out of the ordinary because I get tired of drawing routine settings such as the living room or the office. I enjoy doing an idea which makes it necessary for me to go to the library to dig out a setting from a remote period or out of medieval history.

Q: You've said that anyone interested in syndicated cartooning should be very much heartened by one important development in the field in recent years. Would you say something about that?

A: There's an acceptance now of a much greater variety of humor than there used to be – "Doonesbury" is a good example of that. The opportunity to be innovative is obviously greater than it was a few years ago, and that greater variety includes drawing styles, layout, format and subject matter – pages of comics don't look all the same as they did in times past. As an example, you'll notice that The New Yorker publishes a much greater variety of cartoons than it did formerly.

Q: Do you make a special effort to draw cartoons that you think your readers will laugh at?

A: I draw what *I* myself think is funny and then hope the readers will feel the same.

FRANK AND ERNEST **by Bob Thaves**

Jack Markow

We welcome famed cartoonist, JACK MARKOW, to the pages of CARTOONIST PROfiles! We don't know of anyone who has had a more varied experience in our profession, or who has written more magazine columns and books on cartooning over the years. A great many of our readers follow his monthly column in WRITER'S DIGEST magazine, and a number of them have been his students at one time or another. You will find the succeeding columns that he will write for CARTOONIST PROfiles filled with solid professional help.

RERUNS, RESIDUALS, ROYALTIES, REPRINTS

by JACK MARKOW

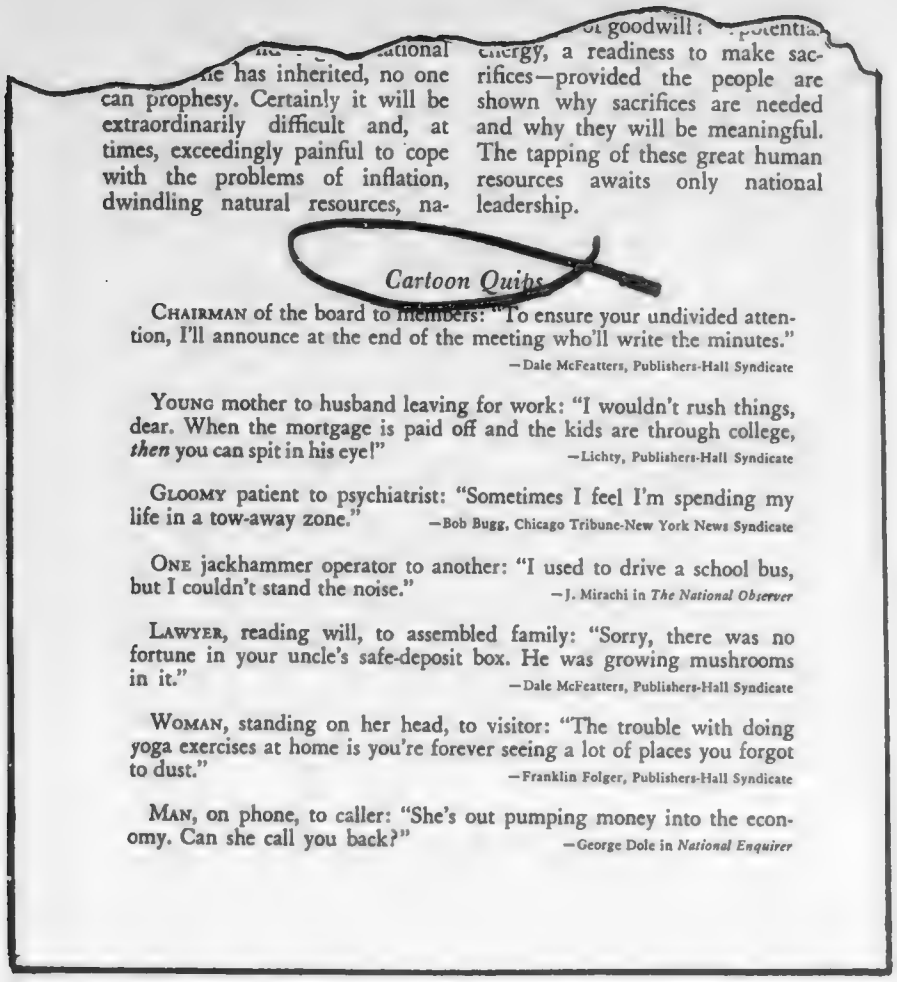
Creative people are becoming more and more aware of not only the immediate worth of their product, but also of its potential future value. ASCAP led the way with guide lines for compensation concerning reuse of musical material. Toilers in the TV mill have demanded and receive a share of the profits from reruns. A video series after completion of its first showing is by no means dead; repeats bring its innovators, actors, and others their just rewards. The same scheme applies to the reuse of TV commercials.

Graphic artists have been somewhat slower in assessing the continuing value of their work. The comic strip artist has been the quickest on the draw in this area due in part on how his cartoon is used plus traditional arrangements with syndicates. His is a cartoon that is shown not in just one place each day, but in innumerable spots. Here you have reprints galore, the backbone of syndication. And based on the reuse of the one cartoon, royalties come in – all this, a profit-sharing device with the syndicate. The latter, with its business acumen, goes even further. Anyone using the artist's drawings and characters for whatever purpose must pay handsomely for this privilege – the "take" shared by both artist and syndicate. Therefore, the cartoonist can sit back, see his creation converted into comic books, toys, games, puzzles, sweat shirts, etc. and wait for the checks to roll in. Practitioners in other branches of cartooning are not quite as fortunate, and we will pass through these categories one by one.

In purchasing drawings, advertising agencies most often buy all rights; they compensate for this by usually paying the artist well – but his chances for future profit from his original concept are practically nil. The greeting card publisher likes to buy all rights – but on occasion, with a little arm-twisting, the artist may wrangle a royalty arrangement, most valuable if the card is reprinted year after year. The drawings of the illustrator and spot artist are tied to the policy of the publication in which their work appear; this may mean "all rights" or the release of second rights. Royalty arrangements may be possible for the illustrator in the field of book illustration. The political cartoonist? He can of course set his own price for the reprinting of his drawing provided he has retained second rights. However, as a member of the National Cartoonists Society's Professional Committee some years ago, I remember the hassle the editorial cartoonists were having with the *New York Sunday Times* which was reprinting political cartoons in profusion with little or no recompense to the artists. The editorial cartoonists apparently lost their fight for higher reprint fees – the *Times* gradually dropping its use of reruns and then converting to its present format of employing original drawings. I assume their organization, the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, has since delved further into the area of reprints and fees for reuse. We finally come to the magazine cartoonist who over the years has been a prime victim of reuse-abuse.

Going back many years when I started freelance cartooning, I don't recall magazine cartoonists being aware of such items as first rights, all rights, and reprints. Those were lush times in the magazine field with much opportunity for the sale of numerous originals – first to *Judge* and *Life* which between them bought close to 100 drawings each week. Then, *The New Yorker, Collier's, The Saturday Evening Post* and *Liberty* entered the scene, all weeklies and heavy users of comics. Covering all these publications took more than the traditional Wednesday trips to editors each week – selling opportunities extending into Thursday – plus much mailing. The drawings were sold, printed, and pasted into the artist's scrap book with never a thought of their reappearance in print again.

In the years before the formation of the present Cartoonists Guild there were several attempts to organize the magazine cartoonists. One of these efforts resulted in a set-up called the Cartoonists Guild of America which provided meetings for freelancers to share shoptalk and to compare notes on the profession. There was also a newsy monthly magazine for its members. Still there was no consideration of reprints. Our small economic effort was geared towards raises in fees and our biggest splurge was trying to get more money from a fading magazine called *College Humor.* They turned us down and we decided to picket. Incidentally, picketing was quite fashionable during the Depression years. We prepared the most beautiful picket signs ever seen and walked round and round in front of the magazine's office building in an orderly manner. We were arrested (a desirable situation for us, focusing attention on our "cause"), shoved into paddy wagons and taken to an off-Broadway police station. During our 10 hours in jail we could make phone calls and have sandwiches and coffee brought in while waiting for Night Court to convene. Later we were herded into a large cage with hookers, boozers, pimps and other members of the Times Square fraternity,



...national ...he has inherited, no one can prophesy. Certainly it will be extraordinarily difficult and, at times, exceedingly painful to cope with the problems of inflation, dwindling natural resources, na- ...of goodwill: ...potentia... energy, a readiness to make sacrifices—provided the people are shown why sacrifices are needed and why they will be meaningful. The tapping of these great human resources awaits only national leadership.

Cartoon Quips

CHAIRMAN of the board to members: "To ensure your undivided attention, I'll announce at the end of the meeting who'll write the minutes."
—Dale McFeatters, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

YOUNG mother to husband leaving for work: "I wouldn't rush things, dear. When the mortgage is paid off and the kids are through college, *then* you can spit in his eye!"
—Lichty, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

GLOOMY patient to psychiatrist: "Sometimes I feel I'm spending my life in a tow-away zone."
—Bob Bugg, Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate

ONE jackhammer operator to another: "I used to drive a school bus, but I couldn't stand the noise."
—J. Mirachi in *The National Observer*

LAWYER, reading will, to assembled family: "Sorry, there was no fortune in your uncle's safe-deposit box. He was growing mushrooms in it."
—Dale McFeatters, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

WOMAN, standing on her head, to visitor: "The trouble with doing yoga exercises at home is you're forever seeing a lot of places you forgot to dust."
—Franklin Folger, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

MAN, on phone, to caller: "She's out pumping money into the economy. Can she call you back?"
—George Dole in *National Enquirer*

Reader's Digest *has reprinted cartoon captions for many years. Reprint fee is $100 equally split, usually, between the cartoonist and the publication in which the cartoon originally appeared.*

ready for our few minutes in court. Since we were cartoonists, the news media (we hit all the papers – photos too!) made merry with our plight. "18 CARTOONISTS GO TO JAIL AS PICKETS," was the headline in the *New York Times* of June 19, 1936 with this subcaption: "Police seize their 45 pencils and they are cast into cells, but all fail to see the joke." The report continued, "Eighteen cartoonists who get laughs in the current magazines got arrested yesterday afternoon carrying some of their drawings in the street, as a picket line in front of the offices of *College Humor.* Robert Pines, editor of the magazine, came to the street level from his office in the fifth floor of 22 West 48th Street as soon as he heard what had happened to some of his contributors and asked the police to let them go. He was told it was too late.

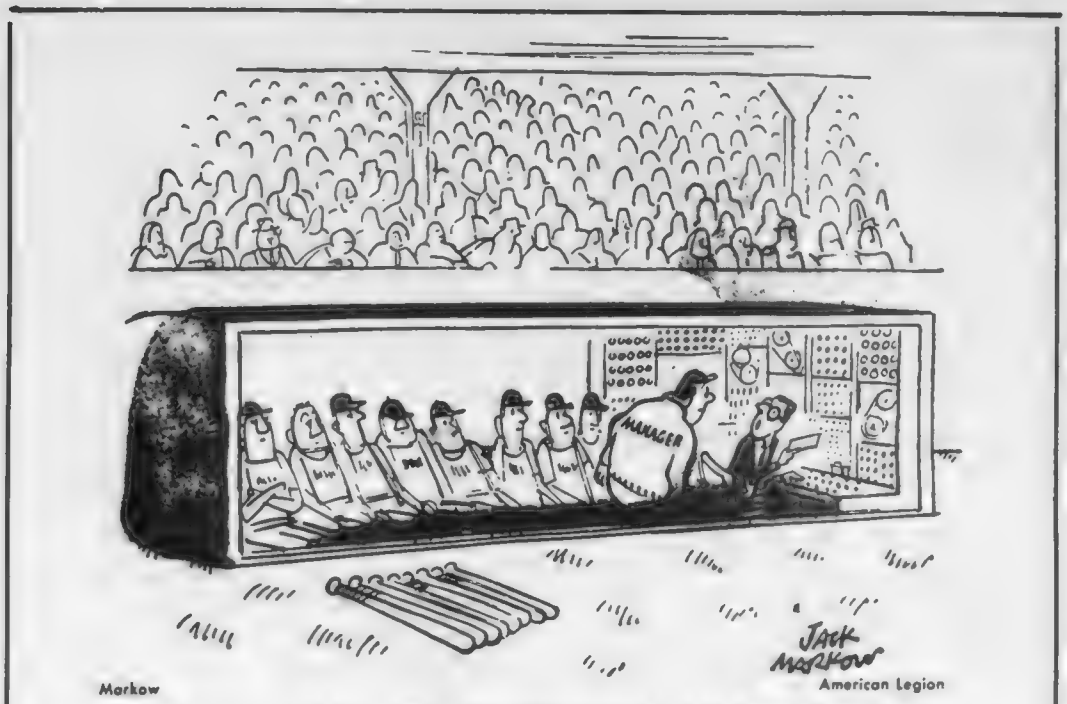
"They were searched for dangerous weapons, as required by police regulations, after being booked in the West 47th Street station on a charge of disorderly conduct. Each cartoonist was found to have at least one hard and one soft pencil. When the police completed disarming them, the total of pencils seized was forty-five. Thereafter, the cartoonists spent five hours in the cells behind West 47th Street police station, which visitors have likened to abandoned coal holes. Yesterday's rain blew in from the open alley through an iron lattice, directly onto three comic artists in each cell. They were all very shaken. None of them had ever been arrested before. None had even picketed before. 'Why did you arrest them?' demanded Magistrate Anna M. Kross, when they were finally lined up before her at 11 P.M. after an additional four-hour wait in the detention pen at the night court. 'They were walking in single file around like an endless chain and they were carrying placards,' said Patrolman Patrick Higgins. 'Dismissed,' said the magistrate.

"It was the first picket line undertaken by the Cartoonists Guild of America, formed three months ago, to obtain a minimum price of $15 a cartoon and recognition of the guild. The editor of *College Humor* said yesterday, however, that he has started to pay the $15 minimum, but that he has not notified the guild formally since he does not recognize it."

A tiny victory, but keeping freelancers organized proved a losing battle and *this* guild was soon disbanded for lack of interest. It was about a decade later when artists began to take reprints seriously. In the meantime, a few examples of publishers' practices: Item number one – Dell Publishing Company. In the depression years, its offices were shabby, a clutter of cubicles with old, beat-up desks in an ancient building on lower Fifth Avenue. Norman Anthony, a former editor of *Judge* and *Life* was out of a job. He approached Dell with an idea for a new satirical monthly. They gave it a try as a one-shot. The publication was called *Ballyhoo.* With its barbs at the bigwigs and their handling of the economy plus its potshots at the advertising industry, it became a tremendous success, rating at least one-half dozen imitators. Dell always seemed to have a fixed price for cartoons – $15. (Up to a few years ago, their only remaining publication using cartoons, a detective magazine, still paid $15; the price then was graciously raised to $20). Anthony had about seven "regulars" who supplied most of his cartoon material – Russell Patterson, C.W. Anderson, R.B. Fuller, Ed Graham, Floherty Jr., Frank Hanley, and myself. *Ballyhoo* (a forerunner of the *Mad* and *National Lampoon* type of publication) was so successful that Dell gave Anthony carte blanche in the editing of 5 or 6 other magazines put out by the firm. *Ballyhoo* was spiraling so high that there had to be a break-through in rates which became $35 to $50. It was not unusual for a so-called "staff artist" like myself to go in and get 10 okays at one clip. During the ten-year run of the magazine I must have done over 1000 cartoons for it. The cartoons were reused again and again – in quarterlies and other magazines put out by the company and in cartoon collections – the cartoonist never receiving one extra cent for reruns. I never saw any of my cartoon originals again once they were left in the office. In later years, when I was getting up an exhibition of my originals, I tried to pick up some of the *Ballyhoo* material but was flippantly told by an editor that the drawings were buried somewhere in the cellar – a dangerous place to browse because of the savage rats lurking in its shadows. Dell milked every penny out of these cartoons and out of *Ballyhoo* which may account for its success and lush offices today. Score one for the publisher and designate the cartoonist as Number One on the "Shnook" Parade for being overcome by instant pelf and not thinking of the future, lasting value of his work.

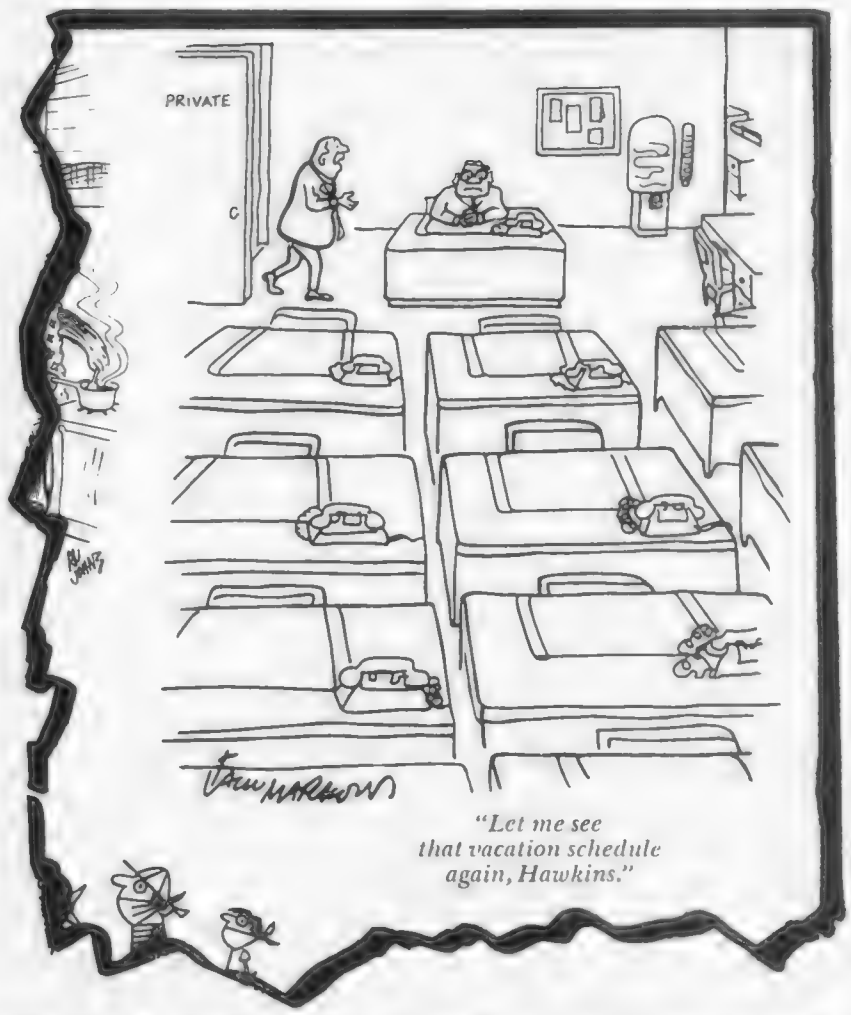
Item number two: Some years ago, I picked up a copy of the trade journal, "Industrial Bulletin." It contained about 20 cartoons, very sophisticated, and signed by *New Yorker* artists. Ah! a new market! I sent some material in, which came back immediately – no rejection slip, no nothing. I called one of the cartoonists shown in the magazine and described his cartoons. His reaction: "I never heard of the magazine – but these are cartoons I did for *Saturday Review*!" He followed this up with SR and discovered that Norman Cousins, its editor, was a good friend of *Industrial Bulletin's* editor, and had given the latter permission to use any SR cartoons he liked – for free. I have nothing against Norman Cousins. Over the years, in his dealings with cartoonists who worked for SR, he has been overly considerate and cooperative about fees, rights, and reprints. This was a thoughtless action on his part, demonstrating how casual everyone seemed to be about the reuse of artists' work. The happy ending was that the trade magazine started paying $20 for reruns. This fee was later raised to $50 by courtesy of the Cartoonists Guild thus creating extra dividends for cartoonists.

I think we really became conscious of all rights, first rights, second rights, North American rights, etc., etc. during the early Forties. Up to then, we would get an occasional request for an original drawing or reprint and, flattered, would release them for peanuts. One exception was *The New Yorker* which sensed the value of items in this area and advised its contributors about fees. During the war, Ben Roth, while stationed in Australia, noticed American cartoon reprints in that country's publications – pirated. Also, our cartoons



"Replace your pitcher with Lefty O'Toole and put in Rocky Klimfit as defensive left fielder, and you'll win 6 to 5 in 12 innings."

Reprint from "Tomorrow – Science Fiction and the Future," published by Scholastic Book Services.



Magazines often use cartoon reprints. This one (first sold to True*) became part of a spread on the topic of "vacations" – a rerun by* Reader's Digest.

were blatantly reproduced in European newspapers and magazines with no credits or fees. When he started the Ben Roth Agency which controlled reprints and collected on them, it became clear which publications bought all rights and which gave the rights back to the artist after the first printing.

Retention of reprint rights and ownership of original drawings by the artist obviously creates more markets for him. When all rights are released, the publisher may milk the cartoon dry, using it as many times as he desires, lop parts of it off to change its shape, substitute captions, and give the drawing a face lift – a mutilated, defaced drawing still containing the artist's signature. For example, one company facing hard times, ceased buying originals and pawned off reprints in its magazines conning the public into thinking they were seeing fresh material; an artist was brought in to "modernize" the old drawings, raising hemlines on skirts to depict the then fashionable mini-skirt! When reruns are used in this maner for free, it obviously deprives the artist in the selling of originals.

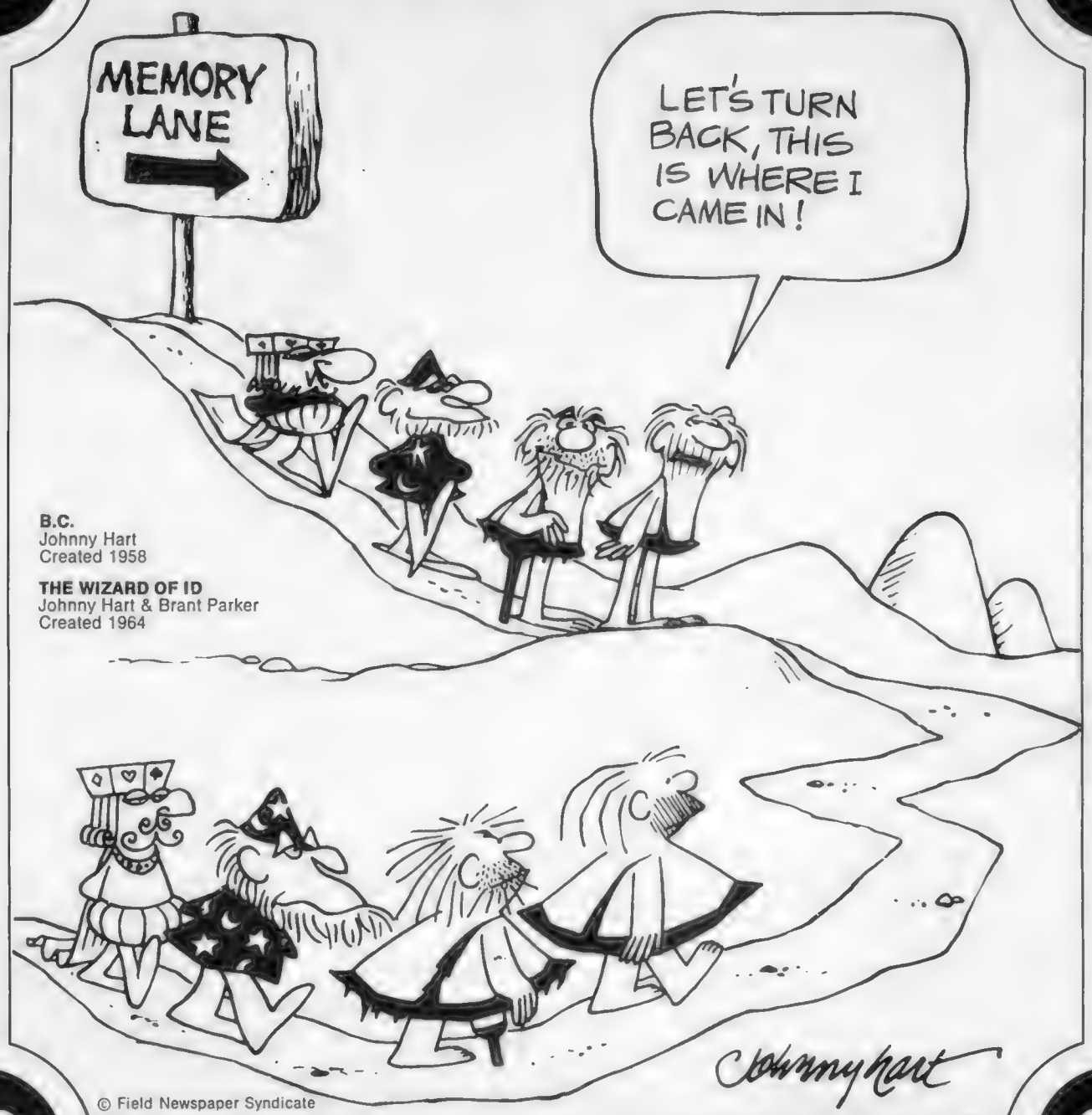
The coming of the present Cartoonists Guild with its efficient set-up, has created an upsurge of reprint use at good fees. In order to profit from the reuse of a drawing, one must retain second rights to the cartoon. The Guild has researched this area thoroughly and is arranging for magazines to let rights and original drawings revert back to the artist. With many of the larger publications, some of which never thought about rights one way or another and who never sought to profit from reprints, it was a comparatively easy matter coming to an agreement. But there are still hard nuts to crack, notably the $10 - $15 schlock houses which intentionally hope to make an extra buck by full retention of the artist's work.

All things considered, the magazine cartoonist is in a better position than ever before. Today there are more and more requests for reprints particularly of work seen in *Saturday Review, The New Yorker,* and cartoon collections; also, the Guild will alert its members regarding any legitimate requests and opportunities for reuse of cartoons. Serious tomes, including text books, often include cartoons – a light touch in contrast to their heavy text. Original drawings are coming into their own as a source of income; there were two successful auctions at the Parke-Bernet Galleries of drawings by Guild members, three Madison Avenue galleries display comic drawings, and exhibitions of cartoons (with prizes) are held throughout the world. Communication between members of the Cartoonists Guild and serious research of art users' wealth and pay-potential has produced a valid list of asking fees based on where reprints are used. In some cases, the cartoonist is able to sell the original drawing and also reprints of it, innumerable times at fees which several decades ago he never would have thought possible. The following guide lines issued by the Cartoonists Guild for reuse fees are based on the experience of its members. Some may appear high and are often met with refusal; however, Guild cartoonists maintain that the acceptances outnumber the refusals thus, in the long run, providing higher average income from reruns.

Major national magazines such as *Time* and *Newsweek* – $200 minimum. Other consumer magazines – $100 and up. Trade magazines – $60 and up except large trade magazines like *Business Week* or *Forbes* where the fee would be $200. All textbooks – $100 minimum for North American rights; additional for future editions, foreign language rights and world rights. Other hardcover books – $80 minimum. Softcover books – $60 and up.

Finally, the cartoonist who amasses fat files of newspaper and magazine clippings, and original drawings which he *owns* is assured of continuing bonuses now and into the far future.

NOSTALGIA IN THE COMICS



B.C.
Johnny Hart
Created 1958

THE WIZARD OF ID
Johnny Hart & Brant Parker
Created 1964

© Field Newspaper Syndicate

It isn't often that our magazine is the beneficiary of a feature such as 'Nostalgia in the Comics' without lifting an editorial finger ourselves. David Folkman (Art Director of 'Liberty' Magazine, cartoonist, and collector and exhibitor of comics) conceived the idea of asking well-known cartoonists to draw their characters as they were then and are now. He assembled the cartoon replies from the men represented here, designed the pages to give the feature a nostalgic flavor, put the whole package together, and sent it to us—ready for the printer—all because of his enthusiasm for our profession.

And we also want to add our editorial thanks to the cartoonists represented on the following pages, who neglected their regular work long enough to bring David's idea to fruition.

© Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate

GASOLINE ALLEY
Dick Moores
Created 1919 by Frank King

© King Features Syndicate

BLONDIE
Dean Young & Jim Raymond
Created 1930 by Chic Young

© King Features Syndicate

BRINGING UP FATHER
Frank Fletcher
Created 1912 by George McManus

CHIEF WAHOO
HAS RESCUED THE LOST PRINCE LUCKY—HEIR TO THE THRONE OF SYLVANIA, AND NOW BEING HIDDEN FROM HIS COUNTRY'S ENEMIES IN TEPEE TOWN.
BUT WAHOO'S SWEETHEART MINNE-HA-CHA DOES NOT SHARE HIS AFFECTION FOR THE HANDSOME CAMERA ACE!
AIDED BY HIS NEW PAL—
STEVE ROPER
DARING PHOTO-REPORTER AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE
WHADDAYA KNOW? I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A COP-KILLER, STEVE.
YOU MAY ALSO HAVE A BONUS-WINNING STORY, MIKE!
I'LL ASK THE POLICE TO PUT A TAIL ON YOU AND--
ZOUNDS!
CHIEF WAHOO
MINNIE-HA-CHA
THE GREAT GUSTO and PIGTAILS by WOGGON

© Field Newspaper Syndicate

CHIEF WAHOO
Elmer Woggon
Created 1936 (Now STEVE ROPER)

MUTT & JEFF
Al Smith
Created 1907 by Bud Fisher

© McNaught Syndicate

© NEA Service

FRECKLES & HIS FRIENDS
Merrill Blosser
Created 1915

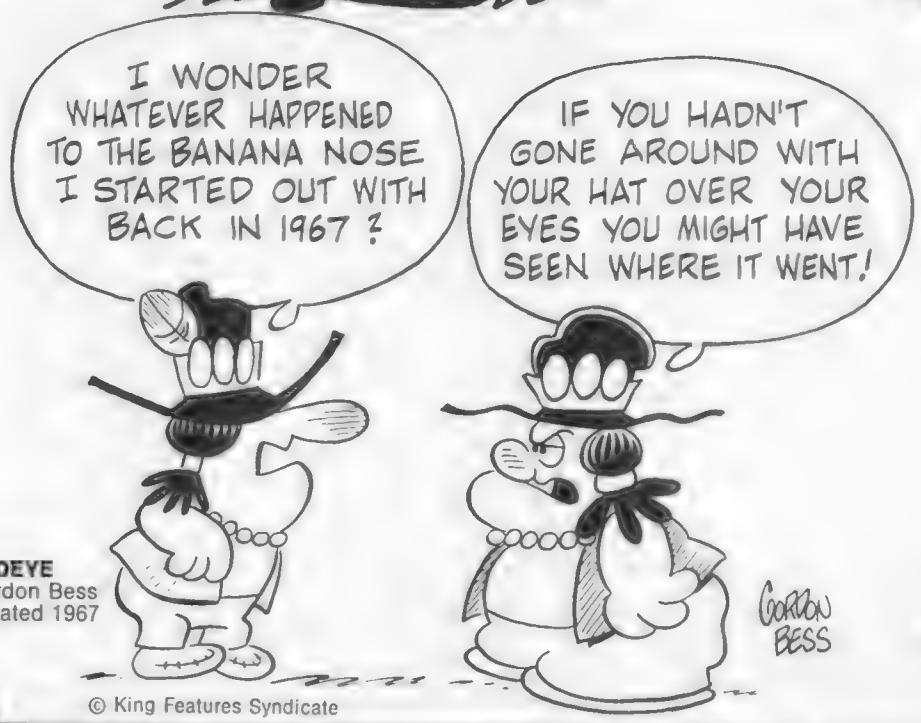
© Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate

SMITTY
Walter Berndt
Created 1922

© King Features Syndicate

BEETLE BAILEY
Mort Walker
Created 1950

BROOM HILDA
Russell Myers
Created 1970


I WONDER WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE BANANA NOSE I STARTED OUT WITH BACK IN 1967?
IF YOU HADN'T GONE AROUND WITH YOUR HAT OVER YOUR EYES YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN WHERE IT WENT!
GORDON BESS

REDEYE
Gordon Bess
Created 1967

MOON MULLINS
Ferd Johnson
Created 1923 by Frank Willard

© Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate
© King Features Syndicate
© Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate

© Field Newspaper Syndicate

FREDDY
"Rupe" (Robert G. Baldwin)
Created 1955

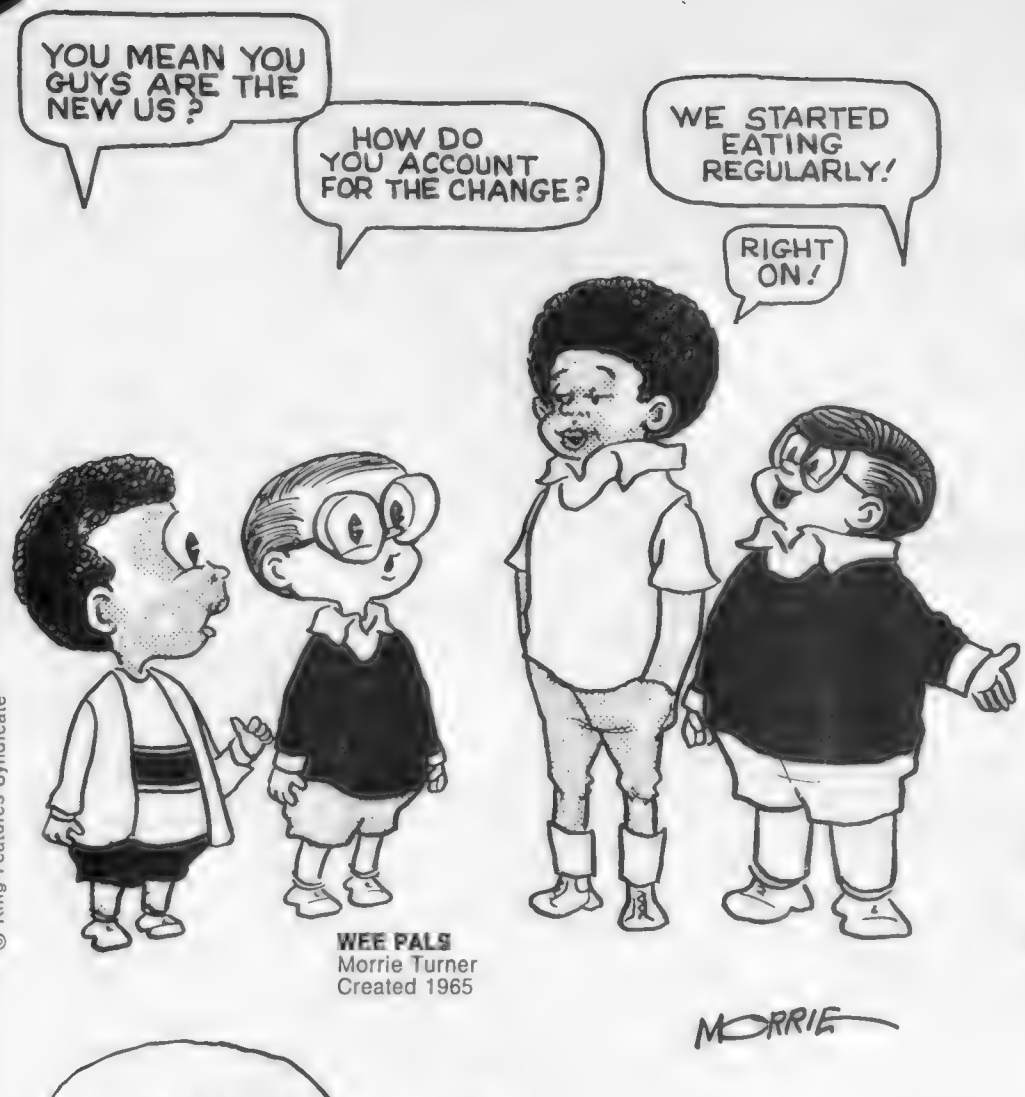
FUNKY WINKERBEAN
Tom Batiuk
Created 1972

© Field Newspaper Syndicate

THE BROOKLYN BUM
Willard Mullin
Created 1937

© Willard Mullin

© Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate



WEE PALS
Morrie Turner
Created 1965

© King Features Syndicate

THE LITTLE WOMAN
Don Tobin
Created 1953

© King Features Syndicate

LIFE'S LIKE THAT
Fred Neher
Created 1934

© United Feature Syndicate

"SUPER" DUPER
Bill Kresse & Rolf Ahlsen
Created 1968

© Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate

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Right from the start, in 1970, we determined that Special Features would be different from other syndicates. Different and special. Our operating objective was—and is—to provide quality, choosing unusual and significant columns and features for today's more demanding reader.

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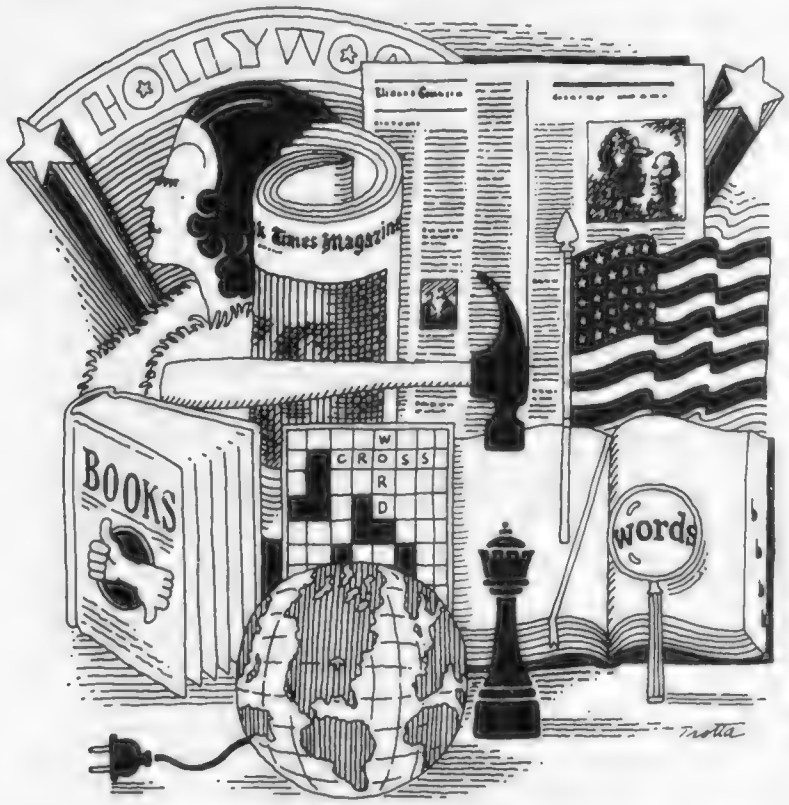

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Der Spiegel. Special Features has exclusive world distribution rights for material from this leading German newsweekly.

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Special Features NYT

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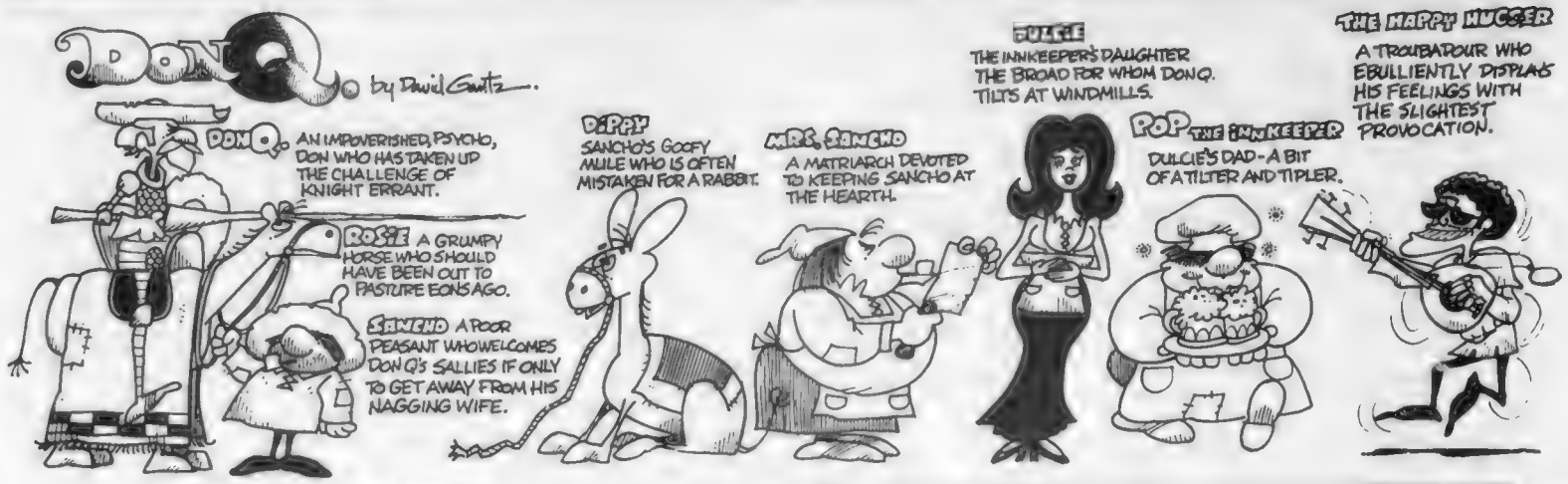
P.S. For a very special announcement, please turn this page. J.O.

New-from Special Features

An adult comic strip for a grown-up world.


DON Q by David Gantz
DON Q. AN IMPOVERISHED, PSYCHO, DON WHO HAS TAKEN UP THE CHALLENGE OF KNIGHT ERRANT.
ROSIE A GRUMPY HORSE WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN OUT TO PASTURE EONS AGO.
SANCHO A POOR PEASANT WHO WELCOMES DON Q'S SALLIES IF ONLY TO GET AWAY FROM HIS NAGGING WIFE.
DERBY SANCHO'S GOOFY MULE WHO IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR A RABBIT.
MRS. SANCHO A MATRIARCH DEVOTED TO KEEPING SANCHO AT THE HEARTH.
DULCIE THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER THE BROAD FOR WHOM DON Q. TILTS AT WINDMILLS.
POP THE INNKEEPER DULCIE'S DAD - A BIT OF A TILTER AND TIPLER.
THE HAPPY HUGGER A TROUBADOUR WHO EBULLIENTLY DISPLAYS HIS FEELINGS WITH THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION.

SANCHO, YOUR BOSS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! WHAT'LL I DO?
WELL, FIRST, I'D GET THE GOVERNMENT TO DECLARE THIS A DISASTER AREA - THEN I'D FIND A LESS HAZARDOUS LINE OF WORK!
David Gantz
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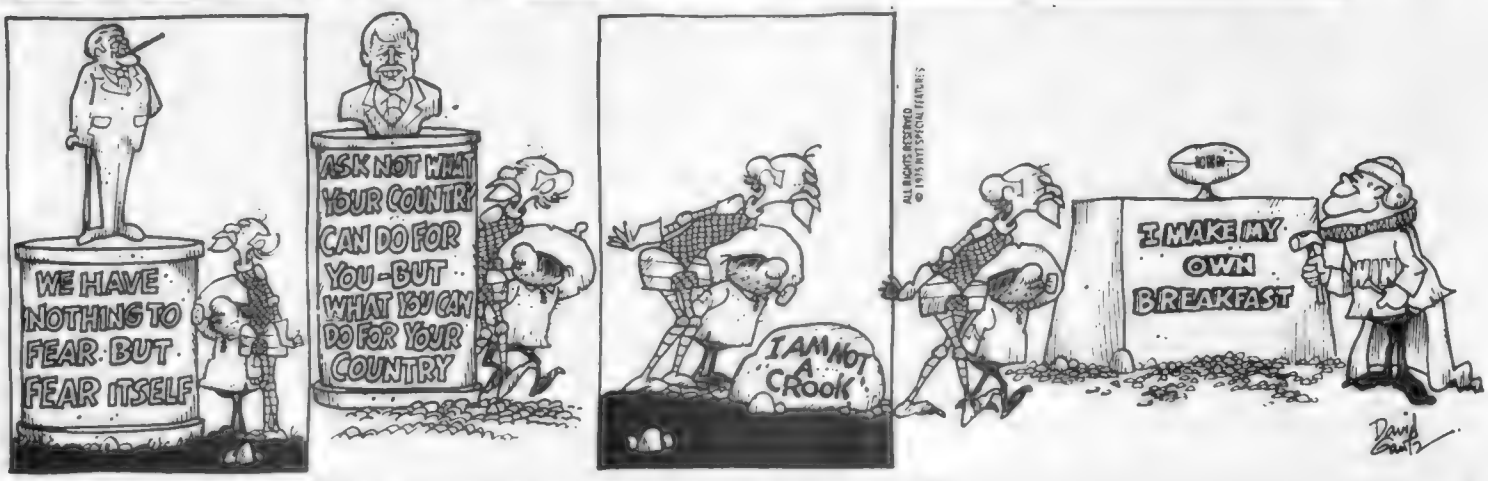
WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF
ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU - BUT WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY
I AM NOT A CROOK
I MAKE MY OWN BREAKFAST
David Gantz
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED © 1975 NYT SPECIAL FEATURES

DON'T YOU SOMETIMES GET THE FEELING, SANCHO...
... THAT FOREIGN INTERESTS ARE TAKING OVER THE COUNTRY?
David Gantz
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED © 1975 NYT SPECIAL FEATURES

WOMEN HAVE BEEN KEPT IN A SUBMISSIVE STATE BY MEN FOR CENTURIES!
THE TIME FOR CHANGE IS NOW!
GO OUT AND SPREAD THE WORD, GIRLS!
MEN SHALL NO LONGER LOOK UPON US AS SEX OBJECTS!
AGREE WITH HER SANCHO OR I'LL FLATTEN YOU!
IF THE MOVEMENT CATCHES ON, WE SURE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT OVERPOPULATION!
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED © 1975 NYT SPECIAL FEATURES
David Gantz

QUICK FELLAS, HIDE BEHIND THAT ROCK!
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED © 1975 NYT SPECIAL FEATURES
MAN-O-MAN ISCHEWITZ, I GOTTA BE ME!
WHO IS THAT?
THAT'S THE HAPPY HUGGER!
David Gantz
HE ONCE HUGGED A PRESIDENT AND I'M TAKING NO CHANCES!

HOW DID YOU FELLAS DO AT THE NEGOTIATING TABLE?
WELL, FIRST WE OFFERED HIM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE-
BUT HE OPTED FOR THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, THE ALAMO, THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AND HOLLYWOOD!
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED © 1975 NYT SPECIAL FEATURES
David Gantz
HE FINALLY SETTLED FOR MARVIN GARDENS, PARK PLACE AND THE BOARDWALK!

"Here—at last—a strip that breaks with tradition. Uses a new formula that mates relevance with humor. No kid-stuff. It's for the young adult…the sophisticate who's not impressed with today's sacred institutions. David Gantz' strip is about real things in the real world. Always on top of the news. In fact, often ahead of it. This guy is almost prophetic. Sure, politics gets a good going-over, but everything's fair game for the Gantz brand of commentary. Commentary worthy of your editorial or op-ed page. (Which, by the way, isn't a bad idea!) And there'll be bonus cartoons when the news breaks come faster than the daily-plus-Sunday schedule. Real humor here. And expert caricature, too. Dave's pen never runs out of wink. Right, Dave?"

"Out of *wink?*"

"Right. Out of wink….But see for yourself. Just call me—John Osenenko—collect for samples and rates. Dial (212) 556-1721. How about right now? …Did I miss anything, Dave?"

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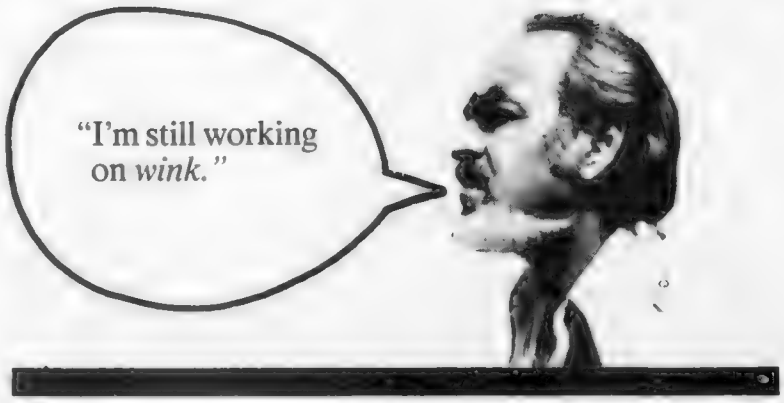


Photo by Barbara Little

A popular new entry in the comic strip field is SCROOGIE, by the famed baseball pitcher, TUG McGRAW, with collaboration from cartoonist MIKE WITTE (whose career we discuss in the following story), and from writers Dave Fisher and Neil Offen. SCROOGIE is distributed by the CHICAGO TRIBUNE-N.Y. NEWS SYNDICATE. In this conversation, Mike Witte talks about the characters we'll be seeing in the strip, what directions it's likely to take, and about how he happens to be drawing a sports strip after spending the past 5 years at 'Time' magazine.

TUG McGRAW

Q: How does Tug McGraw happen to be doing a comic strip?

A: Well— the idea began some time ago when Dave Fisher, one of the writers for 'SCROOGIE', happened to be interviewing Tug for a sports magazine story that he was doing. And during their conversation McGraw said, "The thing I've always wanted to do most in the world is start a comic strip." As the saying goes, the rest is history. 'Scroogie' is the nickname for Tug's favorite pitch which is a screwball — and of course he also purports to be something of a screwball himself. Tug was the originator of the idea and he continues to feed baseball happenings and background material and gag suggestions every few days to Dave Fisher who spreads them around to myself and to Neil Offen, another gag writer for 'Scroogie'.

Q: Will the characters always be in uniform and involved entirely in activities on the baseball field?

A: No— if we stuck to that formula, we'd have to abandon the strip during the winter months. Besides, I hope that it won't simply be a sports strip but rather a humorous picture of a little society, in the same way that Beetle Bailey mirrors a little society that really has very little to do with the fact that he's in the army. I hope to be able to include political comments occasionally and to satirize movies and TV through one of the characters I'll mention a little later in our talk.

The strip gives us an interesting opportunity to make all kinds of interesting social commentary, just in the way the players relate to each other, because I think we have a very unique mixture of nationalities and racial types working together. I'd say that the various characters will be in civilian clothes almost as often as they'll be in their uniforms.

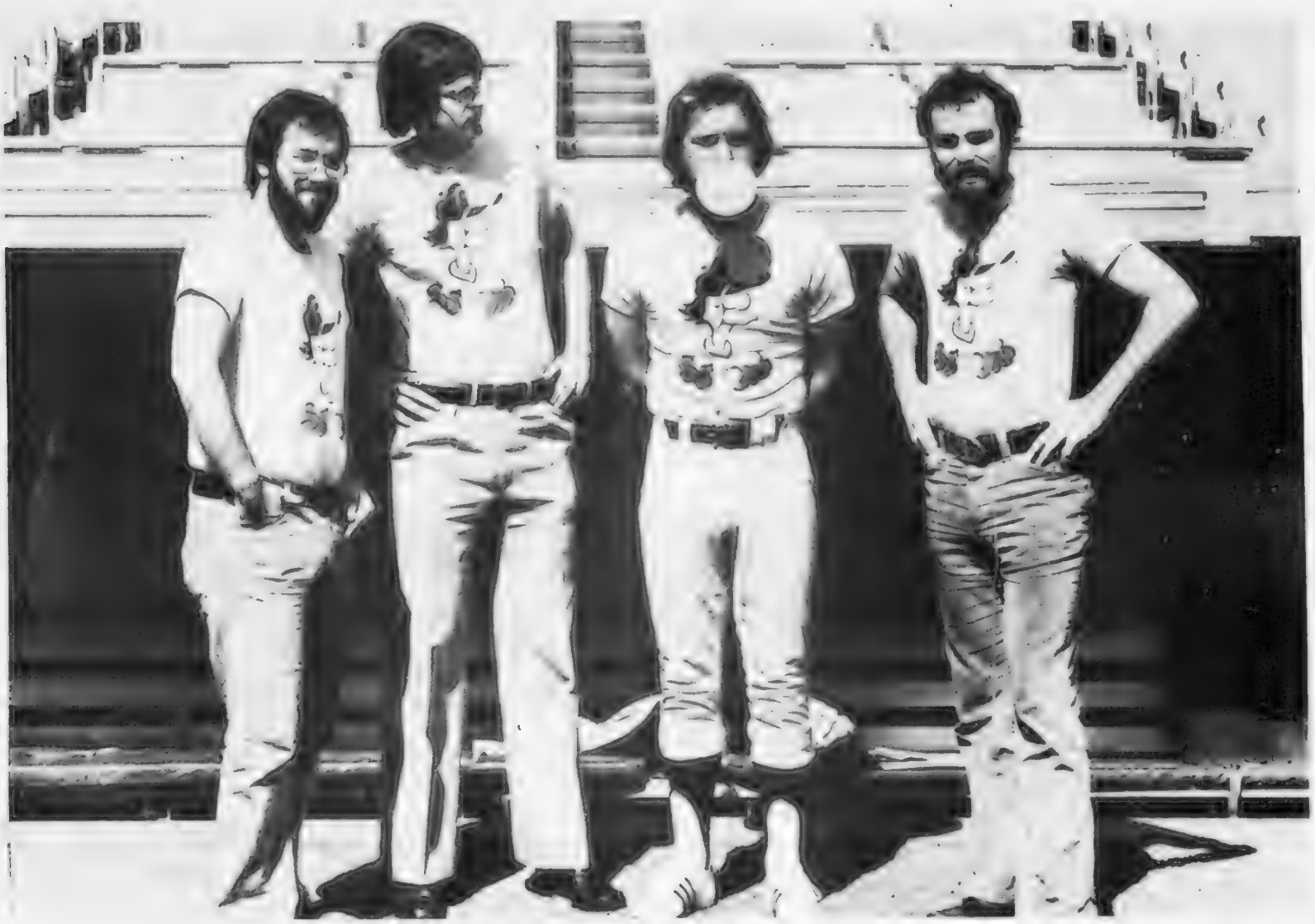
Q: Have you always been a sports fan yourself?

A: Yes— I grew up in St. Louis and Stan Musial was one of my boyhood idols. I was a pitcher in high school and had a great arm but Little League elbow. I made the freshman team at Princeton but they ranked me 13th out of 13,

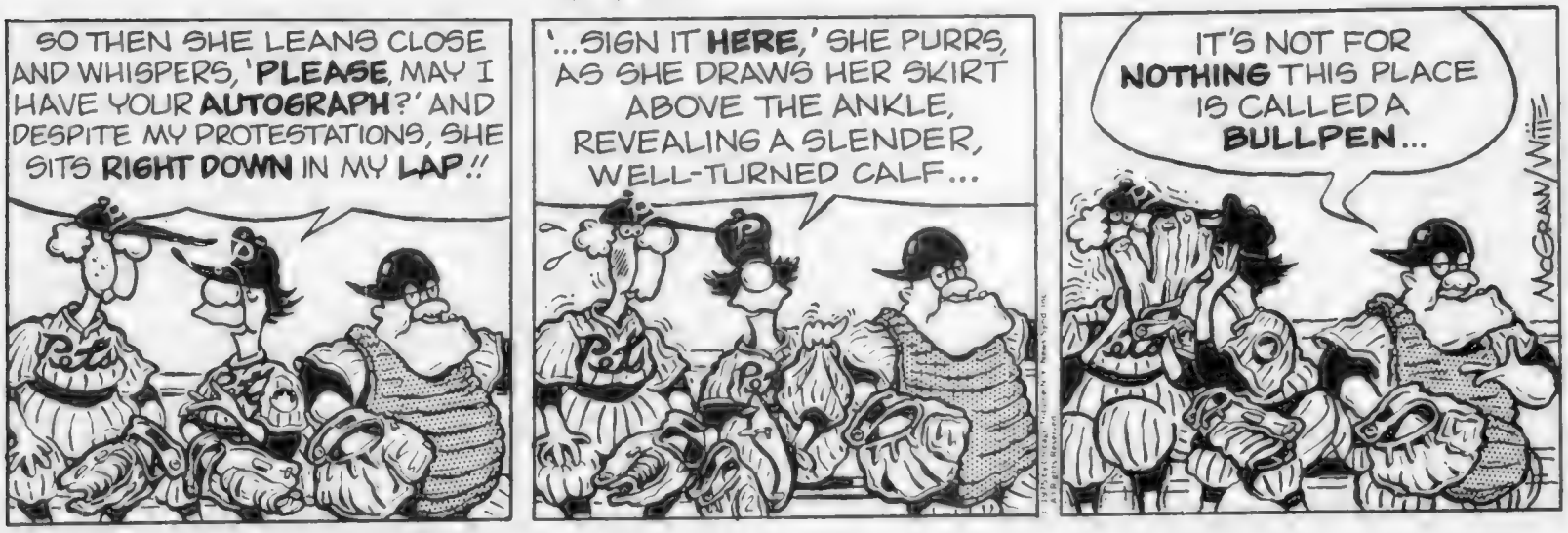
so I quit baseball and threw the javelin instead. And I still play squash 4 or 5 times a week.

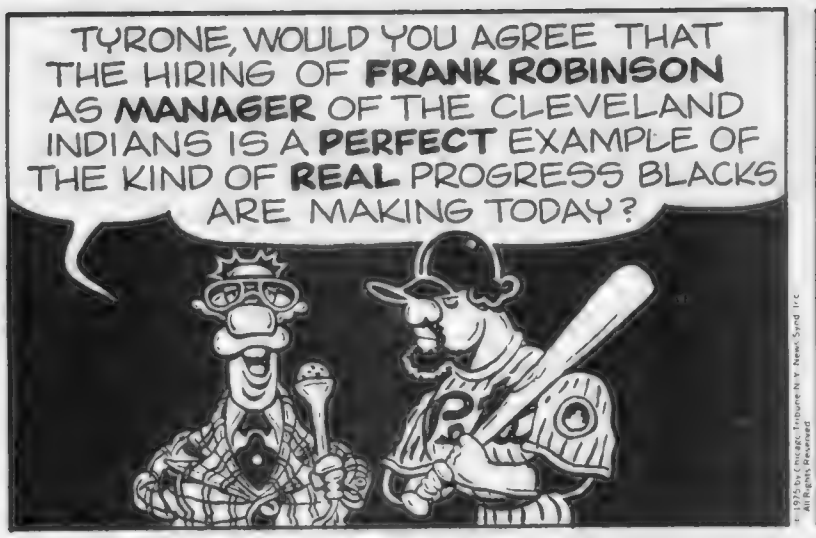
Q: I'd like to have you talk about the different characters in the strip but first could we hear some of your cartooning history?

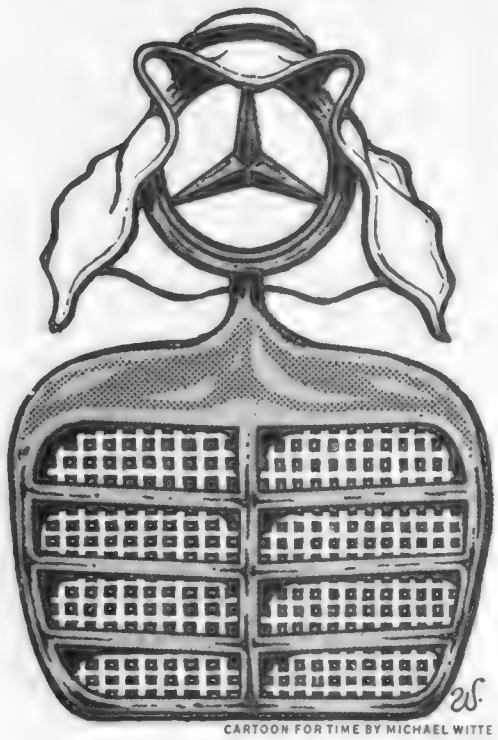
A: I grew up in St. Louis county, about 25 miles from downtown St. Louis, out in isolated country on Barrett Station Road. My parents had a country grocery and dime store and I had access to as many comic books as I could possibly want. Growing up in such a locality you don't have any contact with cartoonists, so that just being in New York these days, and around other people in the same profession, is incredibly exciting to me. Very surprisingly I discovered, two years ago, that the very well-known cartoonist Ray Moore, the original artist for the King Features strip 'The Phantom', had lived just two miles down the road from me, all during my boyhood. I had known him all my life but he'd been in semi-retirement, never talked about his profession, and so I never knew he was a cartoonist! A couple of years ago I came across a collection of 'Phantom' drawings in a N.Y. store, saw a photo of Ray Moore in the book, and made the discovery that he was an old friend. Since then we have seen more of each other and he's a delightful, literate, educated man. He'd drive up to our store all the time in his jeep with a dog on the front seat beside him in those boyhood days.



L to R: Neil Offen, Mike Witte, Tug McGraw and Dave Fisher at Shea Stadium, New York City, April 1975.


SO THEN SHE LEANS CLOSE AND WHISPERS, 'PLEASE, MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?' AND DESPITE MY PROTESTATIONS, SHE SITS RIGHT DOWN IN MY LAP!!
'...SIGN IT HERE,' SHE PURRS, AS SHE DRAWS HER SKIRT ABOVE THE ANKLE, REVEALING A SLENDER, WELL-TURNED CALF...
IT'S NOT FOR NOTHING THIS PLACE IS CALLED A BULLPEN...
McGRAW/WITTE


TYRONE, WOULD YOU AGREE THAT THE HIRING OF **FRANK ROBINSON** AS **MANAGER** OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS IS A **PERFECT** EXAMPLE OF THE KIND OF **REAL** PROGRESS BLACKS ARE MAKING TODAY?
ABSOLUTELY, HERB - FROM FIELD **HAND** TO FIELD **MANAGER** IN JUST TWO HUNDRED YEARS...
MCGRAW/WITTE
4-30


CARTOON FOR TIME BY MICHAEL WITTE

Like most cartoonists I've drawn continuously for my own pleasure all my life — in my case since age 4 — but I really had no idea that this would lead into professional cartooning. Eventually I became an English major at Princeton and my greatest enjoyment at college was drawing for The Princeton Tiger, the famous humor magazine. Whitney Darrow, the New Yorker cartoonist, had also worked for the Tiger before my time so I guess I adopted more or less the concept of humor embraced by The New Yorker. This was in the early 1960's and after working on the Tiger for 3½ years, I flunked out of school in my senior year, which wasn't too wonderful. The laws of the University required that I stay out of school for a year-and-a-half before reapplying, and knowing that my father would kill me if I returned to St. Louis, I moved to New York where I picked up a number of odd jobs in various places. At one point I was a sales trainee for a paper company — it was the only job I could find because I was over-qualified for a lot of menial jobs and underqualified for the jobs I was interested in. Through a long series of events I met some people who encouraged me to continue drawing so when I was fired from the paper company, I had a nestegg of 2-weeks severance pay with which to support myself while I was trying to make it as a cartoonist. I'd been given a copy of 'Writer's Digest' which contained a column by Jack Markow listing various markets, so during these 2-weeks I drew up my first batch of professional cartoons and took them around to the magazines. Naturally I ran into many of the professionals in the field — I'd never known one in my life — and when I found out that there were actually cartoonists around who could make a living, I knew from that moment exactly what I wanted to be.

Q: Have you had any formal art training?

A: No, I was totally self-educated and continue to be. I had the Walter T. Foster 'How to Draw' books and you may remember that there was a TV personality by the name of John Gnagy who gave drawing lessons on the tube.

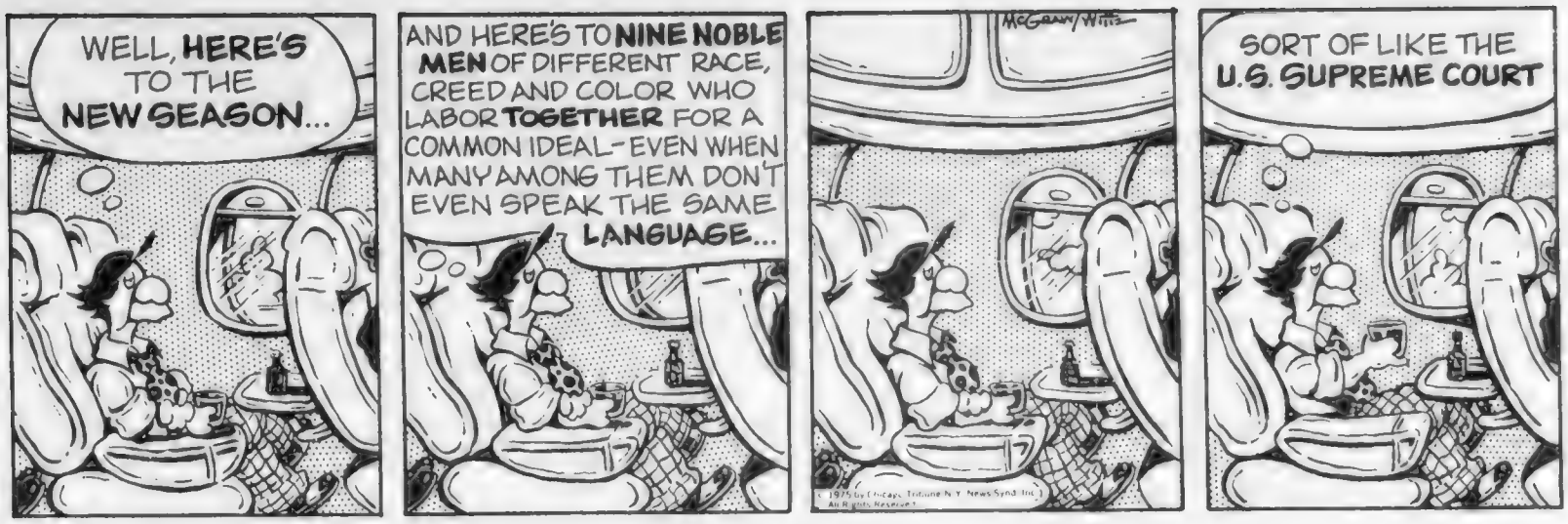
By this time my year-and-a-half out of school was up so I returned to Princeton and eventually got my degree in English. During my first brush with the magazine cartoon business, I had been encouraged by the response I'd gotten from various magazines but I'd never made a sale. But after graduating, I couldn't wait to get back to New York to restart my career. I had returned to school because I couldn't stand the stigma of being a flunkee all my life, and I've realized since that the liberal arts background is very helpful in the writing and thinking processes involved in developing ideas.

I went back to New York with a grubstake of about $1000 which didn't last long — I went broke after selling my first gag to the Saturday Review. Right after that I worked as a waiter for about 9 months, but it was difficult trying to make headway as a cartoonist while working 6 days a week as a waiter at the Cafe Galerie on East 69th Street. Then, by accident, through a friend of a friend at 'Time' magazine, I got a job in their production department, realizing that I would almost certainly never see a drawing of mine in the magazine. But after 9 months or so, I realized that the people they were publishing were no more qualified to illustrate articles than I was, so I began to leave drawings of mine on the wall in front of my desk — for the benefit of passers-by. Eventually, I was asked to do a drawing. From then on I did comic illustrations and occasional editorial cartoons for 'Time'. As a rule they use syndicated editorial cartoons because they want to stay away from the appearance of editorializing themselves, and they want to avoid being linked directly to a particular editorial idea. They can represent these syndicated cartoons as being viewpoints from Colorado or Florida or wherever.

Q: Are you still at 'Time' magazine?

A: No— I spent 5 years there but nowadays I'm putting most of my efforts on 'Scroogie'. Hopefully, though, I'll still be doing things for 'Time' on a freelance basis.

Q: How did you happen to begin working on SCROOGIE?


WELL, HERE'S TO THE NEW SEASON...
AND HERE'S TO NINE NOBLE MEN OF DIFFERENT RACE, CREED AND COLOR WHO LABOR TOGETHER FOR A COMMON IDEAL - EVEN WHEN MANY AMONG THEM DON'T EVEN SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE...
McGraw/Witte
SORT OF LIKE THE U.S. SUPREME COURT

A: Through a person I knew at 'Time', Dave Fisher (who had been at the magazine and then later became a freelance writer) asked me to develop the comic strip.

Q: Would you describe the various characters in the strip?

A: Well— SCROOGIE is a left-handed relief pitcher, sort of a mixture of confidence and failure. He's basically aware of everything that's going on in the world and he's a wry observer of the scene — his humor will result more from his observations of the foibles of his teammates than from any slapstick things he might do himself. I suppose the characters in the strip will probably fail more often than they'll succeed but we don't want them to be like Charlie Brown's All Stars because these are professional athletes we're dealing with.

CHUCK is the bullpen catcher — not very intelligent but eminently lovable, and he's the kind of ballplayer who likes to sit out in the grass and smell flowers — a nice, sweet guy. ROYCE RAWLS is the golden boy type — the 25 game, award-winning pitcher. He's incredibly self-involved, to the point of being almost totally oblivious to everybody else on the team — just interested in his own success. And we'll be able to satirize movies and TV through Royce who'll be making public appearances in the various media. He's all flash and no substance. Of course even he will be lovable in his own way.

The team manager, known as SKIPPER to everyone, is completely frustrated in his every effort to generate enthusiasm from the team.

Probably the most important character will be the black power hitter, TYRONE THOMAS. He will be the sardonic social commentator because he's at least moderately alienated by all the events that occur in society.

In addition we're going to bring in some of the family members of the players — as, for instance, Scroogie's parents from Buffalo Flats, Nebraska. Another character will be the woman owner of the team — a cigar smoking, sawed-off little tyrant who will terrorize most of the ball players, and who will be part of constant conflicts back and forth.

Q: When you first started to draw the strip, the team was the Mets and the players' caps bore the initials 'N.Y.' didn't they?

A: Yes— and when Tug McGraw went to Philadelphia, we changed the team name to 'Pets' and put 'P' on the caps. It was a pain-in-the-neck to redo all the shirts and caps, but it's more of a universal team this way — not being identified as a specific one.

Q: You wanted to mention a few things you do which might be helpful to others in coming up with ideas, didn't you?

A: I think it's helpful to look at other cartoonist s'work simply to get my mind into a particular pattern of thinking. If you read a certain number of gags, you develop a rhythm in your thought processes, so that when you come across a possible cartoon topic in your newspaper reading, there's almost an automatic translation because your mind is thinking in a cartoon rhythm. The mind starts trying to gestate what you've read into a form

MICHAEL C. WITTE FOR TIME

"Fisticuffs."

that's usable for you in a cartoon. For this reason, I have a fairly large collection of cartoons. I've lived in Greenwich Village for the past 7 years and a few years back I discovered how many of the rare book stores are down in our area. So about once a week I make the rounds to all these stores, trying to scrounge up cartoon books, and those on illustration. Through these pilgrimages I've acquired a complete collection of 'Punch' from 1841 to 1899 in bound volumes, and also a collection of the same magazine from 1929 to 1946. And I found bound volumes of the Harvard Lampoon from its beginning in 1880 till about 1920. Just a couple of weeks ago I came across a really wonderful dictionary of slang which is incredibly comprehensive. It's great to be able to read through this volume in an effort to get just the right expression for a cartoon I may be working on. A lot of punch lines are really just slang words and reading through this volume is very stimulating in the generation of ideas — it triggers your mental processes. ●

The Education of an Assistant

BY LASKY

Photo by Debbie Pincus

Mark Lasky

It has often been said that the best way for a young person who's ambitious to have his or her comic strip some day to reach that goal is to get a job as an assistant to an established syndicated comic strip artist. MARK LASKY, who graduated from college this past May, and who now works as assistant to MELL LAZARUS (the creator of the two well-known strips "Miss Peach" and "Momma" for the FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE), has done just that. Thinking his experiences would help others who are ambitious in our field, we asked Mark to tell about them. We asked Mark to jot down a few biographical notes about himself before presenting the following article which he calls "The Education of an Assistant."

"I was born in N.Y.C. on June 16, 1954. At age 6 or 7 I began attending private and public art lessons on Saturday mornings, which I continued until high school. (The only disadvantage to this was that I never got a chance to watch Saturday morning cartoons). At age 14, I studied anatomy at the Art Students League in N.Y.

"In high school I temporarily abandoned my artistic pursuits — I was co-captain of the chess club, vice-president of the student government, and I ran varsity track for two years in the Public School Athletic League. I entered the University of Bridgeport in the fall of 1971, and in April, 1972 'Seaside Society' was created. It appeared in the Univ. of Bridgeport SCRIBE from April, 1972 to September, 1974. Then it appeared in the MILFORD CITIZEN, on the same twice a week basis, from October, 1974 to May, 1975. I graduated from the Univ. of Bridgeport in May, 1975 with a B.S. degree in Art.

"Some people who have really helped me in cartooning, with their encouragement and criticism, aside from yourself and Mell, are Jerry DeFuccio, Al Kilgore and Morrie Turner. (Morrie and I communicated by mail for quite a while.)

"Aside from drawing cartoons, I enjoy camping, biking and sports — my favorite sport as a participant is basketball, and as a spectator is baseball. I keep myself aware of the importance of physical fitness by jogging and excercise.

"I guess that's it!"

by MARK LASKY

Working as an assistant, I've discovered, is the best way to learn the mechanics of this zany profession of cartooning. As a youngster of seven — the delicate age at which I bravely chose to devote my life to the world of the comic strip — I remember reading, in one of my treasured cartooning-instruction books, about this exciting job of assisting. Those precious pages explained that, by working (as an assistant) on a genuine, syndicated comic strip, one gradually learns to master the talents of pencilling, inking, and lettering — all the fundamentals which lay the groundwork for future cartooning stardom. Now, thirteen years and one college education later, I find myself in that very same role I read and fantasized about — as assistant — to MISS PEACH and MOMMA creator Mell Lazarus. Working with Mell (who, incidentally, holds the distinction, as does Picasso, of being one of the few artists who draws his characters with both eyes on one side of the head) has caused my longtime expectations of what the education of an assistant cartoonist is, to be pleasantly realized. However, not only do I seem to be absorbing the essentials of producing a comic strip, like my faithful cartooning books stressed, but I'm also beginning to discover there are *other* talents to be learned by the able assistant, which the books never mentioned! What a surprise it was for me, when I first entered Mell Lazarus' studio as his assistant, to learn that I was about to acquire additional skills above and beyond pencilling, inking, and lettering! Here I've described some of these unexpected "skills" I've been learning from working with Mr. Lazarus, who, I must say, represents not only a real comic genius, but a *modest* one at that! Whether or not these talents will help in my quest for cartooning stardom, I can't say... but why worry about such things when you're having fun?

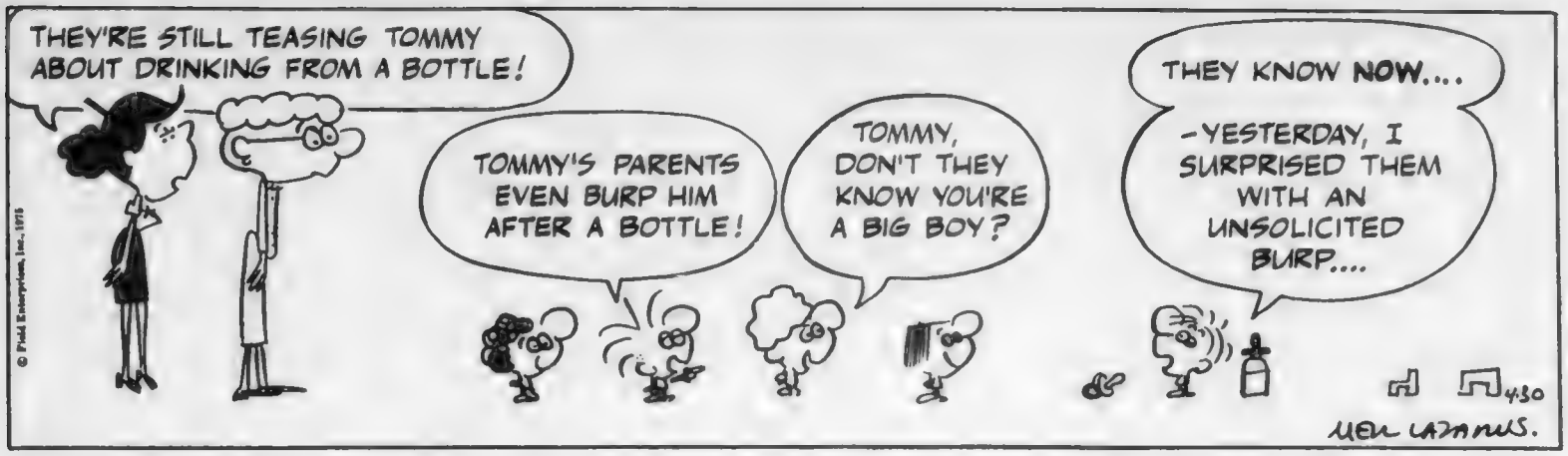
THE DEADLINE DASH

The *Deadline Dash* is an extremely demanding skill which requires, above all other things, a combination of ingenuity and agility. This hectic set of maneuvers, which takes place on Fridays, the ever-popular deadline day, is impelled by the need to complete the week's worth of comic strips (plus the Sunday strip) by the end of the day. The fact, of course, that Mell is responsible for both MISS PEACH and MOMMA does little to simplify the already-queasy commotion. The *Deadline Dash* begins at the drawing board. While the right hand inks a particular comic strip, the left hand, with marvelous ambidexterity, erases the stray pencil lines on another, or if Mrs. Lazarus has just served lunch, grips a thick (and tasty) bologna sandwich. Meanwhile, while one eyeball tends to watch the drawing board and the other the clock, the feet painstakingly keep themselves busy trying to retrieve all the pens and kneaded erasers which have rolled to the carpet in the chaos. The real *dashing* occurs when the cartoonist runs to the assistant for something to be done, like a paste-up, and the assistant runs back to deliver it. When the strips are finally completed, at least, according to the working relationship Mell and I have, the assistant dashes over to the copy machine to make duplicates (which are kept in case of a mailing mishap). Then, after the machine has completed its task and I place the newborn twins in their proper spot on the shelf, Mell hurries the folded MOMMAs and MISS PEACHes into their prepared envelope, while one of us dashes the precious parcel to the local post office.

Of course, *Deadline Dash* is not always necessary — it only arises during those occasions where, earlier in the week, the cartoonist slips behind in his work. (This usually happens by time-consuming browsing through fan mail, or four times a year, by reading CARTOONIST PROfiles.) However, when the *Deadline Dash does* occur, the fast pace can possibly give rise to many unexpected mistakes. Careless errors, such as sticking a word balloon with the wrong character, or failing to affix a gummed copyright seal to each strip, occur often, but are easily correctible. However, other accidents, of a more critical nature, are apt to arise. Spilling a bottle of India Ink, although it never happened, and we know never *will* happen, is always something to worry about. The possibility, at least, is enough to make the hustle-bustle of the *Deadline Dash* a perilous proposition. What would I tell Mell, I sometimes ask myself, if a bottle of ink *did* spill

MISS PEACH

By Mell Lazarus


THEY'RE STILL TEASING TOMMY ABOUT DRINKING FROM A BOTTLE!
TOMMY'S PARENTS EVEN BURP HIM AFTER A BOTTLE!
TOMMY, DON'T THEY KNOW YOU'RE A BIG BOY?
THEY KNOW NOW....
-YESTERDAY, I SURPRISED THEM WITH AN UNSOLICITED BURP....
© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1975
MELL LAZARUS.

all over a MISS PEACH strip during the *Deadline Dash?* Even Mell Lazarus, who is continually open-minded to new ideas, would think it somewhat far-fetched if I told him Miss Crystal's kindergarten class was going on a nature hike in the *middle of the night*...

THE MAILMAN HOP, SKIP AND JUMP

In the life of a cartoonist, I have learned, the neighborhood mailman is an extremely celebrated and sought-after personality. He appears to be so admired, at least in the Lazarus household, that what the mailman considers an ordinary daily stopover, Mell considers a mid-afternoon gala festival. Actually, it seems quite reasonable that Mell, and perhaps many other cartoonists, should regard the unsuspecting mailman with such enthusiasm. After all, during working hours, the mailman is very often the sole face-to-face communication the cartoonist has with the outside world!

The *Mailman Hop, Skip and Jump,* the ritual Mell has adopted in the daily pursuit of receiving his mail, is divided into three distinct parts. The first part is the actual recognition that the mailman has arrived, which is usually brought forth by the excited yelping and howling of the family's household pet, Midnight. The second part is the greeting of the mailman, at which point Mell, the cartoonist, flies past me, the assistant, through the hall and down the staircase, all in what seems to be about three steps. The tricky part of this phase of the *Hop, Skip and Jump,* it

Photo by Debbie Pincus

Mell Lazarus and Mark Lasky

Momma

By Mell Lazarus

FRANCIS, WHAT ARE YOU QUALIFIED TO BE IN LIFE?
AN ACTOR!
TEE HEE!! THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER HEARD!!
SERIOUSLY, FRANCIS, WHAT ARE YOU QUALIFIED TO BE?
A COMEDIAN..?
© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1975
MELL LAZARUS.

seems to me, is completing it without getting tripped by the equally-impassioned Midnight, who also participates in his romping ritual. After the mail is received and the bills are allocated to Mrs. Lazarus, the third portion of the *Hop, Skip and Jump* comes into play — Mell hastens back up the stairs and into his studio to read the fan mail.

As far as I'm concerned, the *Mailman Hop, Skip and Jump* fascinates me, as a spectator, perhaps even more than it does Mell, the participant. Although the mailman may be the only *face-to-face* communication the cartoonist has with the outside world, the cartoonist still seems to spend a great percentage of his time on the phone, while the assistant, who is even *more* isolated, experiences the pleasure of receiving phone calls only rarely. As a matter of fact, in my case I recall receiving only *one* call, which was, of all things, my girlfriend Debbie calling to cancel our date to see "The Poseidon Adventure" that evening. Also, of course, the cartoonist gets fan mail, another luxury the assistant must reluctantly learn to live without. It is easy to see how the mailman's arrival can be as stimulating an adventure for the assistant as it is for the cartoonist!

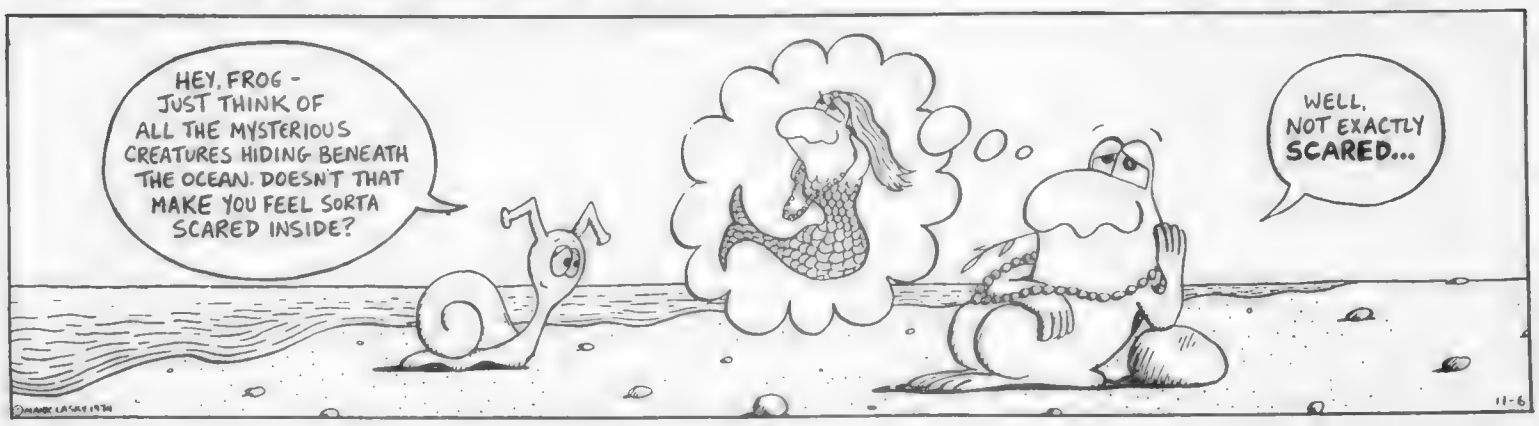
One day, sometime in the future, I hope to have the pleasure of performing the *Hop, Skip, and Jump,* collecting my own fan mail, and making my own phone calls!

Why didn't my instruction books ever warn me the life of an assistant would be so lonely?

THE GAGMAN'S GAB

The final "skill" of cartooning I'd like to discuss is called the *Gagman's Gab.* Since becoming an assistant, the phrase, "there's a gag in there somewhere", has become an integral part of my day-to-day vocabulary. At home, with friends, and everywhere else, I find myself picking phrases out of various conversations, not for their intrinsic meaning, but for their "gag-potential", then commenting, "there's a gag in there somewhere". A good example of this is when I recently visited my cousin Phyllis and her month-old baby girl, Samantha. While Phyllis showed me the baby's new clothing and toys, Samantha, to everyone's surprise, burped. Phyllis, apparently pleased, said, "Ooh! An *unsolicited burp!*" The term "unsolicited burp" caught my attention as being not only funny

SEASIDE SOCIETY BY LASKY


HEY, FROG - JUST THINK OF ALL THE MYSTERIOUS CREATURES HIDING BENEATH THE OCEAN. DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOU FEEL SORTA SCARED INSIDE?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY SCARED...
11-6

but very imaginative, and with a scene of the MISS PEACH kids sitting in the back of my mind, I commented, "There's a gag in there somewhere!" Phyllis, of course, didn't know what I was talking about, and rushed promptly over to the baby; she thought I meant the baby was "gagging"! The next day, when I suggested to Mell the term "unsolicited burp" had a "gag in it", he agreed, and it was soon used as the punchline to a MISS PEACH daily strip, which appeared in the papers on April 30.

Unfortunately, this strange habit of repeatedly saying "there's a gag in there somewhere" has serious drawbacks. For one thing, I am beginning to lose friends at a rapid pace. When one of my buddies confides in me a problem he's having with his girlfriend, and I retort, "there's a gag in there somewhere", his reaction, by all means, is less than pleasant. How can I break this perpetual habit? Then again, perhaps instead of trying to break the habit, I should learn to enjoy it, and be happy that I have adopted such a rare talent! Have I finally acquired a true "cartoonist's mentality?"

Mell, I find, is one of the real experts at this strange social habit of "gag picking", an important element of the *Gagman's Gab*. With intense amazement, I once witnessed him rapidly compose a week's worth of MOMMA gags, plucking them one by one from a telephone conversation, each time murmuring to himself the familiar phrase, "There's a gag in there somewhere".

With a comic genius like Mell as my employer, no *wonder* I picked up the habit so quickly!

As I view the situation now, I am very grateful I didn't have the *Gagman's Gab* way back as a cartoon-loving youngster; it would've put my entire future as a cartoonist dangerously on the line. To put it mildly, I doubt my mother would've appreciated the *Gagman's Gab*. If she would say something like, "Mark, clean up your room!", and I'd answer with a smart line such as, "Hmmm-. There's a gag in there somewhere", it wouldn't have been long before all my NANCY and LITTLE IODINE comics would, as punishment, be ripped to shreds. The core of my inspiration for this field, my old comic books, would've met a dismal fate. ●

SEASIDE SOCIETY BY LASKY

YOU GOTTA LEARN TO RELAX, SNAIL! STOP WORRYING AND START TAKING LIFE A LITTLE EASIER!
©MARK LASKY 1974
SIGH!
12-1
IT MAKES SENSE, BUT WHENEVER I START TAKING LIFE A LITTLE EASIER, LIFE JUST STARTS GIVING IT A LITTLE HARDER!

Pioneer
Animated Cartoon Producer
CHARLES R. BOWERS
··Part Three··
by I. Klein

This is the 3rd and concluding installment of I. Klein's reminiscences about the very colorful pioneer animated cartoon producer, Charles R. Bowers. Rather than recapitulate all that has gone before, we refer you to Issue No. 25, in which the series began, and to No. 26 for the 2nd installment.

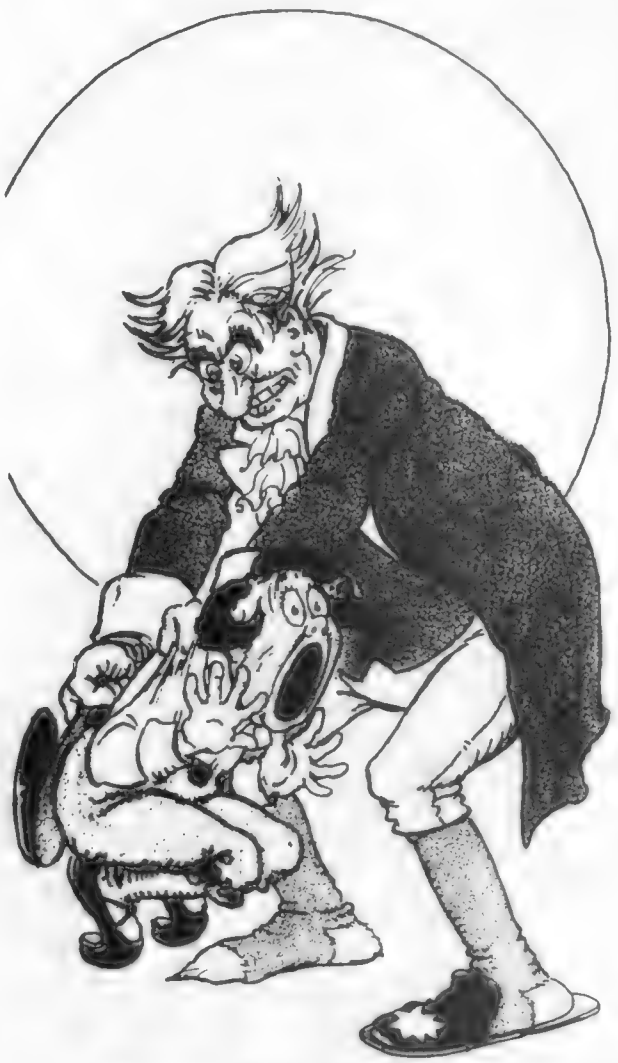
When we worked over-time, which we did from time-to-time, Bowers would take us out to dinner at the Mt. Vernon Y.M.C.A. There was a large table which could seat us all. On a wall about fifteen feet away hung a large painting. The subject was of a commemorative nature. A brass plate was attached to the frame. On it, in small etched lettering was a lengthy explanation of the subject matter. The first time we were all having dinner there, Bowers suddenly said: "How many of you can read what's written on that plate under the picture, right here from this table?" We all shrugged off the challenge as impossible. Bowers then asked me to walk over and check the words as he read, sitting at the table. Mr. Bowers read and he was accurate word for word. "Well, fellows," he said, "there is nothing like spending time with your rifle out on the prairies to sharpen your eye-sight to pin-point vision." We all murmured approval, though this was the first time any of us heard that he had spent time with a rifle out on the Western plains. What we were all certain of was that he took the trouble to have memorized the lines, probably copying them down some time previously. That was Bowers the ham actor taking bows.

Bowers was constantly busy with business outside the studio. I'm sure it had to do with financing the weekly pay-roll. Nevertheless he kept us supplied with the cartoon scenarios. One afternoon he turned to me asking me to cook up an idea for a Mutt and Jeff story. He had been too busy, he said to concentrate. I did come up with an idea after rattling my brains around. I might add that Bowers suggested that the theme should be a Western. This "rattling around" in my brain brought up a recollection... a Newark friend had told on the previous week-end that they had a frightening experience at their home. He had been awakened one night by the sound of a foot-dragging sound in the dark passageway outside his bedroom. That foot-dragging, after he listened a while, seemed to be moving into his sisters' bedroom. He picked up a baseball bat, tip-toed into the hall and into the girls' bedroom. Quickly, he turned on the light switch. Nobody was in the room except his sleeping sisters. Clutching the bat, he opened their closet. Nobody there. Then he looked under their bed. There was the intruder... a very small one... it was their cat. One foot was stuck to fly-paper. The cat had been dragging the fly-paper with his stuck foot. That gave me the theme. A Western theme: Mutt and Jeff are fly-paper salesmen out west. They are demonstrating their wares in a dance-hall type of saloon. Then the word spreads that Cactus Charlie, the super-bad man is coming to town. Everybody scatters. The climax of the plot is that Jeff somehow lures the tough guy into a room spread with fly-paper and so thereby snares him in this sticky trap. This fly-paper gag situation was to become a standard animation gag that was even used later in a Disney cartoon.

After I wrote this story out in a loose scenario form, I gave it to my boss. Bowers read it, shook his head, said it was a good little plot but not a typical western. I put it away in my desk drawer. Then, about two days later as he was leaving the studio, he asked me to give him the script. Bowers took it and never spoke of it again. But later that year, I saw my fly-paper story on the screen. It had been animated by the art staff at the Fordham studio. By chance I met Manny Davis, one of the animators at that studio. I told him that I had seen my "western" at a movie theatre. Manny Davis looked surprised, and said: "Bowers brought in that story and we all took it for granted that it was his story." (Manny Davis was one of the early animators. He continued as animator and director of animation into the 1960's when he retired. He never animated for the West Coast studios, only in the East. The greater part of his animation career was with Paul Terry and Terrytoons.)

In the smaller of the two studio rooms Bowers kept his file of business records and also his "morgue". The morgue is a collection of picture clippings for reference. I had an occasion to hunt for something in this file when I came across a full page from the "Jersey City Journal" ...Sunday edition. It was an autobiography of my boss, Charles Bowers, with several illustrations by himself. One drawing was of himself as a boy doing a high-wire act over a city street. I asked Bowers about this page. "This is my true story," he said, at the same time taking the page from me, folding it up and tucking it deep into the filing cabinet. "Y'know," he continued, "I was invited to The Friars Club several years ago, to address the members. My subject was my own adventures and experiences. I felt honored. Well, on that evening I appeared upon their platform and the chairman introduced me in this manner: "Tonight, our guest speaker is no other than Charles Bowers ...the modern Baron Munchausen". I stared at the chairman for a minute, then I swung a punch, hitting him square on the jaw. He staggered back from the blow... he was a big son of a bitch. I stalked off the platform, but the audience shouted no! no! no! So I gave the talk. There was loud applause and this article is the report, word for word of my address."

Bowers had an automobile. In fact he was the only one of our group who owned a car. It was a Hudson Super Six, 1919 or 1918 model. We called it his Hudshun Shooper Shix following the pronunciation by an auto mechanic who came up to the studio, announcing: "Mr. Bowers, your Hudshun Shooper Shix is all fixed now and ready for shervish." Even Bowers called it from then on by that shish-shish name. Every so often we would all pile into this Hudshun Shooper Shix and Bowers would drive us down to the Fordham Studio to have a preview of one of the "Mutt and Jeff" cartoons we had turned out. The first time we made this trip we found that Dick Friel was no longer there. He had been replaced by Burt Gillett . There were new faces among the beginners. Two of them were



The animation drawings on these pages were first printed in 'The Bowers Movie Book' (Book 1-Mother Goose), and copyrighted in 1923 by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Inc., New York.

Paired up with this first drawing is another one involving the same characters on the following left-hand page. By flipping the two pages back and forth, you'll see the animation.

Manny Gould and Ben Harrison. Ben and Manny were later on to open an animation studio of their own. Later still, in Hollywood they would be directors in Hollywood for the Charles Mintz, Screen Gems, animation studio. Ben Harrison returned to New York City in the early 1940's and was among the first producers of TV animated commercials. Manny Gould remained in Hollywood and to this day in the early 1970's his ability as an animator is still in demand. Ben Harrison's TV animation studio lasted only several years. The reason, I believe was that it was organized along the lines of the theatrical studios with contracts which ran for yearly periods. The TV commercial cartoon business operated from feast to famine. The famine periods quickly consumed the profits of the prosperous months. The studios that came into being for TV cartoon commercials in the early TV years, caught on to this economic problem. They put very few people, if any on staff. They only used free lance workers... very little over-head... but that is jumping way ahead. I was to be associated with Harrison and Gould in the production of many animated cartoons.

"Mutt and Jeff" cartoons such as we saw at the preview at the Fordham studio were made from negatives photographed (shot) on the animation camera stand at this studio. The prints for viewing at theatres were made at the Fox Studio, but the negatives were developed up here in Fordham at the old Edison Studio. That studio was ready to pass out of existence, ready to fold, at the time I am writing about. I must back-track to the time when Mr. Bowers was in charge of the Fordham studio and I had been working there about a year, to tell an anecdote concerning the developing of the negatives.

One day a man came to the studio dressed in a fancy chauffeur's uniform. He walked directly into our camera room and shortly afterwards came out carrying a film can. His next appearance about two weeks later, was in shabby street clothes. Again he walked into our camera room and came out with a film can. I figured that the man had lost his chauffeur's job, but why the film can? I asked Ted Sears who sat next to me. Ted: "Oh him? That's Mr. Hennley. He's the watchman at the Edison Studio a couple of blocks away from here. The studio isn't being used right now, but it has to be kept in order. There are a couple of guys doing that caretaking job. Hennley is one of them... he's mostly a night-watchman there, but he has made some sort of a deal with Mr. Bowers to develop our film for our Mutt and Jeff cartoons. He comes here to pick up the film after it's shot. There are developing facilities at that studio. That man's favorite saying is 'Its a LALLAPALOOZA'."

I said, "I thought he was somebody's chauffeur and then he came in looking like a bum... I remember now that the first time I really saw him, I thought it was a cowboy coming to this place. I didn't connect him with the others... but this cowboy, come to think of it, went into the camera room and came out with a film can. I still don't understand." Ted's answer was simple. Hennley helps himself to suits and uniforms from the studio's wardrobe. It makes him feel important. He never takes those clothes home... in his own clothes he looks like a bum.

From then on I kept an eye open for this "Lallapalooza" of a Mr. Hennley. He did arrive in a variety of costumes, in almost everything except a suit of armour or an Indian war bonnet.

My one visit to the Edison Studio was about two A.M. one summer night, also around that period. Bowers had asked me to work overtime at the animation camera to complete the shooting of the last scenes of the animation just completed. (I was on occasions a cameraman). My instructions were to stay as late as necessary, take the film out of the camera when finished and deliver it to Hennley who would be waiting up to do the developing. Bowers told just where the Edison studio was located, about six or seven blocks away. I got started at seven P.M. (Alone in the place) and finished about 1 A.M. (The negative had to be delivered in the morning). I was plenty wide-awake while I worked. As soon as I shot the last frame I was asleep on my feet. I turned off the camera lights and left the studio. The door locked automatically behind me. Out in the hall I suddenly awoke, remembering my instructions to deliver the film for development processing to Hennley. I had no key to the place. What I did to get back into the place seems fantastic to me now. It was a double door with a glass hinged transom above. The transom was operated from the inside, for opening and closing by a long vertical rod. This transom window was closed. I grasped some part of the door, placed a foot on the door-knob and so lifting myself up to the transom. Balancing myself on the two doorknobs, I pushed against the transom window, forcing the inside bar to bend inwards and thus making space enough for me to climb through and drop down inside. (I was quite slender in those early years.) I took the film out of the camera with a red light turned on, placed it in a film can, taped the edges and walked out firmly clutching the can of film. On my way out I tried to straighten the transom push-up rod without success.

I walked over to the Edison studio. Hennley was sitting on a chair at the studio door. He looked at me as I said: "Mr. Hennley?" His answer was: "It's a lallapalooza... you're here at last." Then he asked me inside, gave me a tour of the place... a huge amphitheatre with several separate interior sets. The whole area was dimly lit. It was uncanny. Hennley then took me to his developing laboratory. That was an anticlimax. Oh yes, he showed me the wardrobe and costume room. There were enough costumes for the man to play around with forever. I got to bed about 3 in the morning even though the place I boarded at was nearby.

I arrived at work at the usual time. Very few of the people noticed the bent transom rod, but Mr. Bowers did. In fact just as he came in. "Hey, what the hell happened here! he hollered. "Looks like some-one tried to break into the place." He then asked me if I heard anything while I was at the camera. I said I was too busy concentrating on shooting to have heard outside noises.

Bowers: "Maybe it was Barre... Raoul Barre, wanting to do me dirt. Must have been scared off when he saw a light in the cameraroom." Then Bowers looked up at the transom again. "Barre could never have squeezed through that narrow space..."

To return to the Mt. Vernon studio. This operation at Mt. Vernon, N.Y. continued for about a year, when suddenly Mr. Bowers announced that we were moving back to New York City, not downtown, but to Fordham, about one mile north of the Fordham studio. That very same afternoon a small open truck, horse-drawn, pulled up to the front of our building ready to do the moving. Without further ceremony, upon Bowers instructions, we all pitched in to load the truck. When we were finished, the truck was piled high with animation desks, chairs, fans, two filing cabinets, lots of books and other paraphernalia. The desk and chairs which Bowers had borrowed from the lodge meeting place across the hall were left behind. When everything that was to go was on the wagon, I went up with my boss for a last look around. While we were so engaged the old landlady and her elderly daughter walked in. They must have seen the truck with all the stuff on it outside, and now they were looking at this bare room. The elderly daughter spoke up: "Mr. Bowers, I must remind you that there is still the matter of the lease." Charlie Bowers did not blink an eye, he simply took them to the smaller room, pointed to the desk and chair:

"You see ladies, I am keeping my office up here in Mt. Vernon. I am just moving my artists down to Manhattan. Bowers walked out and I followed him. I heard the old lady murmur: "Some people have a funny way of doing business."

We all climbed up on the truck among the

studio's fixtures. Only Bowers sat next to the driver. We must have been quite a sight as we drove out of Mt. Vernon. Ted, Mike and I might have been ignored, but not Leighton Budd. It was a cold day, we all wore our hats and overcoats. Leighton Budd was perched on chair at the crest of the pile on an armchair, his lean chin held high, his white mane blowing in the wind, left hand resting on his knee, his hat in that hand, right hand gripping the head of his cane. He was the picture of a French Royalist riding the tumbril on his way to the guillotine, keeping his cool.

Glackens and Follett sat at a lower level near Budd. Glackens smoking his pipe, leaving a trail of sparks... more sparks than smoke. The pipe stayed lit for about a minute and went out. Glackens kept re-lighting it, letting the half extinguished wooden matches fall as they may. It was a wonder that the whole wagon load didn't go up in flames. It was most fortunate we did not carry celluloids. The "cels" used in animation at that time were highly combustible. This transfer of location took place just about a year after Bowers and I settled in the small Mt. Vernon studio.

The moving wagon followed the route used by our boss when he drove us in his "Hudshun Shooper Shix" to the Fordham studio, but we turned off at on Mosholu Parkway and Webster Avenue, about a mile north of that studio.

The new studio was a two-storied building. The second floor covered only half of the ground floor. It could be called a deep balcony. We reached this upper floor by two short narrow stairways. There was a closet for our coats and hats at the head of the first stairway. The animation studio occupied only this balcony. The main floor was to be for real actors. Bowers had some scheme for plastic puppets to be combined with live people. This could not be called a sound stage since we were still in the "silent" period. It was to be a separate enterprise from the cartoon animation. There were several laboratory work rooms branching off the large studio area.

We lost no time getting back to work as soon as the desks were put in place. It was sort of funny with all of us cramped on the balcony room while the large studio room remained vacant. Bowers was out of sight most of the time. He was mostly busy in his laboratory rooms. At that time he had no other people working for him except ourselves and a caretaker named Oscar Limback, (or Limbick.) He was a retired seaman. He smoked a pipe on and off. When he was through smoking he was careful not to leave his pipe any old place. He would go up to the closet between the two stairways leading to the balcony and put the pipe away in his coat pocket. This was cause of some brief excitement. We were there working away at our animation when one of us smelled smoke. Smoke was coming up from the stairs. We all ran down the upper steps. Smoke was coming from the closet. Opening the door, there was Oscar's coat with smoke and small flames coming from his pocket. The coat was pulled out and stamped upon. Oscar joined us from below. He only looked sad. Then Bowers joined us. He was told what happened. Instead of getting mad he handed Oscar a five dollar bill and told him to buy a new jacket... second hand.

There was a small sequel to this incident. Bowers didn't know how well voices carried from below up to our location. The day after this near-fire Bowers was below with his wife and several other people. He was explaining things... up above were his animators ... he'll have to relocate them... he told how we were trapped by a fire from that closet and how we were in a panic... the closet was in flames... he dashed up the stairs with a bucket of water and splashed out the blaze... the fellows had to go home in damp coats... it served them right because the pipe belonged to one of us animators.

As I have remarked, Bowers spent most of his time in his small laboratory rooms. He not only did his plastic puppet thing there but also wrote our cartoon stories.

One day we did have some action on our movie production area. Bowers called Oscar to move in the big lights, which he did, and also set up a motion picture camera. The reason for this activity was a test made on an actor Bowers had "discovered." The actor was a pompous little man with a dark pointed beard, wearing an alpine type hat. He looked like a professor from a European university. In reality he was a man who made deliveries for the firm which supplied Bowers with plastic material. After he made his deliveries he would come up to our balcony and talk with us. His conversations consisted of his big scientific plans and experiments. He sounded cracked. Bowers joined us on that particular morning and listened for a few minutes to this little pompous man's talk. Then abruptly Bowers exclaimed: "Stop, hold everything." He looked at the errant man with an appraising eye. "Yes, you are the very type I am looking for. I'll make an actor out of you. I'm going to give you a screen test right now." Then Charlie Bowers leaned over the balcony, ordered Oscar to roll out the lights and the camera, but before the order was followed through, Bowers ran down below. The messenger man looked astonished at first then took the situation in his stride as something he had expected. Then the boss called the newly discovered actor to come right down and get himself ready. This man must have really been in a tizzy, and he started to climb over the balcony rail. We grabbed him and pushed him down the stairs. (The drop from the balcony was ten or twelve feet.)

Bowers now ordered the "actor" to go into one of the small rooms to be made up for camera. Bowers added: "And sir, of course you must strip down to your shorts." Man: "My shorts? ...oh of course." Bowers: "But wear that fine hat and your shoes and your cane." As soon as the man was out of sight and the door closed, Bowers pointed to the camera: "NO FILM".

When the actor came out ready for camera he wore a towel loin cloth. He explained that he did not wear shorts but winter "longies". The lights were turned on, Bowers as both director and camera man ground away at the empty camera, while the actor went through the wildest paces. It was like a "follow-the-leader" game, Bowers ignoring the camera after a while, doing crazy stunts and the man solemnly tried to do the same thing in his nearly naked attire. Suddenly Bowers stopped, said in a painful voice: "Cheez this ain't fun. Go on and get dressed and go home, you dumb S.O.B." The man again looked astonished. Bowers reached into his wallet, brought out two single dollar bills: "Here, take these two bucks and buy yourself some brains." All through this so-called screen test none of us laughed. I think that was what spoiled the gag for Charley Bowers.

Charles Bowers in his enlarged studio was now doubly active. He continued supplying us with "Mutt and Jeff" scripts for our animated cartoons and he was busy with developing his plastic puppets for animation. He had several people helping him at that end, but they were kept apart from the animators. Nevertheless Charley Bowers couldn't resist his pixey-whimsy impulses.

As an example: Bowers had hired a salesman to operate with him on the sales pitch for the puppets. This was a brash young guy, snappy dresser and fast talker. He would barge into the animation room to boast of his amorous exploits in France during the War... World War One which had ended only two years before. This boaster got short-shrift from us... his recital was not only a bore, but cut into our work time.

This fellow had his office down in the puppet department. Their windows faced a back yard, while our work room looked out on to the street. One afternoon, right after lunch this man barged in and we all groaned... "Uh-oh" but he only asked us to look out of our window. Parked at the curb was a bright vermilion roadster. "Mine", he said. We all went down to the street for a brief admiration of his car.

Late that afternoon this salesman again came up to our animation room. Bowers came in with him. He had a forced smile on his face. Salesman: "Okay fellows, who did it, ha-ha, which one of you guys did it? Ha-ha-ha. All

afternoon people have been coming into my office wanting to buy my new car. I kept chasing them out. One of them pushed one-hundred and twenty-five bucks into my hand and demanded the ownership ticket. All the time I was busy with Mr. Bowers's business. I just now went outside and saw the reason! Somebody had soaped on my windshield 'FOR SALE $125.00. ENQUIRE IN OFFICE!' We all looked innocent... and we were. Bowers, standing behind the salesman winked at us repeatedly, pointing at himself. He couldn't resist a practical joke.

In April of 1921 I decided to spend the entire summer up in Hudson, N.Y. painting landscapes. I won't go into details as to how I had arrived at this decision. I took my boss by complete surprise when I told him I was resigning, but he wished me well just the same.

It was a wonderful summer for me and I returned to New York flat broke. I went up to see Bowers. I saw him all right but his animation department was no more. He was now concentrating on his puppets combined with live action. He was not in production, but still experimenting.

Charles Bowers owed me ninety dollars. That was an accumulation of salary hold-backs when he was short of funds during the first months of my employment, when I was his sole employee. He had repaid me some of this debt, but there was still that ninety dollars. So now I reminded Mr. Bowers of this amount which he still owed me. Could I have some of it now on account since I was really hard-up. He said cheerfully: "No problem." Thereupon he took out his check book and wrote me a check for sixty dollars. I thanked him very much and parted with a handshake and mutual good wishes.

It was still early in the afternoon and the Corn Exchange Bank at Fordham Road and Webster Avenue was only a mile away. I had plenty of time before the bank closed to cash my check. When I got out into the street I wondered how long this outburst of generosity would last for Mr. Bowers. I decided to take no chances. So without further ado I made a fast dash, running that mile at a speed which must have shattered some records. The cashier cashed the check without hesitation.

Several years later Ted Sears told me this: He had dropped in to see Charles Bowers several days after my money-visit. Charley Bowers said: "That fellow Klein must be a champion runner. I gave him my check for sixty dollars after he told me a hard luck tale. I gave it to him to make him feel good. Then after giving him a bit of a head start, I called up the Corn Exchange Bank to stop payment on that check. They told me the check was already cashed. I guess the kid didn't trust me. By golly he must be a fast runner."

My next association with Charles Bowers took place in 1924. By that time he was in sort-of production with his plastic puppets in Astoria, Long Island. He said that he was again opening an animated cartoon studio. The location would be in Long Island City, on Long Island, not too far from Astoria. He put me on staff as an animator and told me to report for work at a given date which was within a week or two... the address... Jackson Avenue near Queens Plaza. I reported on time. The studio was a large loft in a three story frame building. The animators besides myself were Burt Gillett, Ben Harrison, Manny Gould and George Rufle. There were also several younger fellows to do the tracing. One of them quickly developed into a top animator and is still at his animation board in Hollywood at this writing. His name is Sid Marcus.

When I arrived for work the studio was set up with animation boards on tables. Shelves on the same tables behind the animation boards. Also shelves and cabinets for paper and other supplies. Part of the loft in the back was partitioned off as the camera room. The cameraman was Clyde Gillett, Burt's brother. He owned the animation camera and camera stand. This was a typical small animated cartoon studio in the silent film days.

Charles Bowers arrived with a large package containing our first story. It was a "Mutt and Jeff" scenario wherein Mutt insured Jeff against accidents, then Mutt proceeds to double-cross Jeff into having a serious bodily mishap. He trips Jeff, causing him to fall off buildings and cliffs and under cars. Fate saves Jeff each time until Mutt makes a "hit" on Jeff. Then Mutt carries the banged-up Jeff to the insurance office only to find the company had gone out of business. That plot sounds "old hat" now because of its subsequent uses in cartoons and even live comedy, but it was a first in animated cartoons. Bowers then split up the scenes among the animators and returned to Astoria.

This Astoria Studio remained Bowers' home base. His visits to the Jackson Avenue studio were infrequent. The stories would be picked up by one of the animators whenever the boss phoned that a story was ready. On the occasions when Bowers did visit us he acted the part of Big Papa. He would treat his animators to a fine lunch at a stuffy but expensive German restaurant several blocks from the studio. Another place he would take us to at noontime would be to The Chamber of Commerce restaurant in a building facing the open air platforms of the Queens Plaza subway station. The Queens Chamber of Commerce is still located at the same place. At those luncheons Mr. Bowers behaved just as he did in Mount Vernon at lunch, he told us tales of his prowess. They were tall tales, but worth listening to. Besides, the free lunches made up for any strain on our credulity.

As time went on Harrison, Gould and Gillett stayed apart from George Rufle and myself. They often talked together in whispers. Then, about four or five months after the Jackson Avenue studio went into operation, Burt Gillett called everybody together. Harrison and Gould flanked Gillett. He made an announcement. This is no longer the Charles Bowers Studio. It is now The Associated Animators Studio. Mr. Charles Bowers is no longer part of this animation operation. Then Burt told that the new bosses were himself, Harrison and Gould. There was another animator partner who was working at the time for Max Fleischer Studio. (It turned out that this man backed out of the partnership.)

After Gillett made his announcement, he added that the three of them were going to Astoria to inform Mr. Bowers that he was OUT! Our three new bosses left and were gone for the rest of the morning. Then at about one-thirty in the afternoon Mr. Bowers walked into the studio with two moving men. They removed everything in the studio, animation boards, desks, chairs, cabinets and they even pulled down the partition which separated the animation camera-room from the rest of the Studio. Clyde Gillett had to remind Bowers that the camera and camera stand belonged to him, Clyde Gillett.

The new partners must have been standing on the opposite side of the street and saw this wholesale demolition of the studio. They walked in about five minutes after the clean-sweep. It was a bare loft that confronted them with only the camera-stand and camera as a reminder that this had been an animated cartoon studio. The staff was standing or sitting on the floor.

How the Associated Animators got going from this point on, is a story to be told at another time.

I lost complete personal contact with Charles Bowers forevermore. He never returned as a producer of animated cartoons. However he did persist with his animated plastic puppets. In 1940 when I returned from Hollywood with my wife and two daughters, we all attended the first New York World's Fair several times. On one visit we encountered a Charles Bowers Production in one of the exhibition halls. It was a motion picutre of animated plastic puppets combined with live action. The theme was wax. It showed the multiple uses and applications of wax. It was a very well-executed job.

I did see Charles Bowers once again at a distance, one afternoon on Fifth Avenue in New York. This was about two years before his death. He was walking briskly. From the distance he looked exactly as he did in the 1920's. I tried to reach him but he was lost in the crowd by the time I crossed the street through heavy traffic. ●

THE END

Phil Love

Here is another column by PHIL LOVE, former Feature Editor of THE WASHINGTON STAR, longtime writer of books and newspaper stories, and producer of the weekly syndicated column, LOVE ON LIFE. As our readers well know, Phil has an endless fund of stories about cartoonists, and it's our pleasure to share them.

LOVE TO ALL

by Phil Love

Alfred Andriola (Kerry Drake) suggested that I not write what I'm about to write. But I've decided, after a reasonable amount of fasting, prayer and meditation, that you have a right to know the truth about the person known to us as "Alfred Andriola Colbert."

In CP number 26, as you'll recall, I reported that the cartoonist had received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colbert stating that their son, born Oct. 11, 1974, in Philadelphia, had been named Alfred Andriola Colbert. A photo of the infant was enclosed.

"We were wondering," the Colberts wrote, "if you could possibly send us an original drawn cartoon so we may have it framed for his room. In years to come, we are sure, he will appreciate more and more who we have named him after with this relic from you."

Alfred was touched, of course; even a little proud, though the Colberts were perfect strangers.

Well, something less than perfect, really, as this letter from Alfred reveals:

"Some months after I received the letter from the Colberts, the wire services carried a story which appeared widely, even in Time and Newsweek... It seems the Colberts sent a similar letter to Yasser Arafat. The Palestinian Liberation leader, flattered by the gesture, announced it to the press.

"A newsman eventually looked up the Colberts in Philadelphia to add local color to the story. He found that the infant, who had allegedly been named Yasser Arafat Colbert, was now about 11 years old, and that the Colberts had been doing this ever since he was born, to people from Nelson Rockefeller on down, or up, as you prefer. They were greatly amused by their charade and not the least chagrined.

"I'm not telling you all this so that you can print another anecdote. Enough is enough. I just know that you will be interested in the postscript to the story for your edification."

I *am* interested and edified, but enough will not be enough until the Colberts and their hoax have been fully exposed. So be on guard, friends. And if the Colberts should write to you and say they've named their newborn baby after you, ignore them. If enough people don't respond, the joke will be on the jokers.

* * *

NEWSPAPER COMICS, alas, have fallen on evil days.

Not because they're losing readership, but because soaring production costs have caused newspapers to slash the space allotted to them.

In the Sunday color sections many features that used to be one-half or one-third pages are now one-fourth or one-sixth; in the dailies, many four-column strips are now three columns, and most two-column panels are one-and-a-half columns or less. Most artists are having a rough time adapting to these shrunken sizes, and some are finding it impossible.

The first casualty, so far as I know, was "Pogo," and there are likely to be more. Especially among the story strips, which require more detail than gag strips and panels.

I, for one, am saddened by Pogo's passing, not only because its creator, Walt Kelly, and I were long-time friends, but also because the strip gave me so much pleasure both on and off the comics pages.

I was feature editor of The Washington Star when Pogo's syndication began, and I'll always remember the trouble I had getting it into the paper.

* * *

I HADN'T even heard of Pogo or Kelly when sports writer George Huber barged into my office and said:

"I've been reading Pogo comic books to my little boy, and I'm as crazy about them as he is. I understand a Pogo strip is about to be syndicated, and I'd like to see The Star beat The Washington Post to it. I suggest that you find out who's syndicating it and get some samples. I guarantee that you'll like it."

I phoned several syndicates before I got to Robert M. Hall, president of the Post-Hall Syndicate. Samples were then being prepared, he said, and I'd get the first ones to come from the printer.

I thought the samples delightful, but Managing Editor Herb Corn, who controlled the editorial department pursestrings, saw them only as "more talking animals, which are passe."

I passed the samples among reporters, copy editors, photographers, secretaries, clerks, elevator operators, telephone operators, advertising and circulation hucksters, even truck drivers, and asked for brief written comments. These included "delicious," "delightful," "hilarious," "great" and "wonderful." The least enthusiastic was "pretty good."

The ME's resistance crumbled, but not completely. If I could induce Bob Hall to hold Pogo for six months, until our contract on another comic would expire, and if the price would be $20 a week daily, $20 Sunday, I could buy it — but not unless.

Bob agreed, and in due time Pogo made its bow in the Star — and, as much to my surprise as anyone else's, readers phoned and wrote in by the dozen to congratulate us on having discovered such a terrific feature.

But not everyone in The Star's brass section was impressed. One day Newbold Noyes, a young owner who had but recently become an executive, buttonholed me to ask: "Say, Phil, do you know what idiot around here bought that stupid new strip, Pogo?"

"Yes," I answered. "I did. And I don't think it's stupid. It's the most refreshingly different new comic I've seen in years."

We were arguing rather loudly when a secretary came by and asked what all the shouting was about.

"One of us," I explained, "thinks Pogo is great and the other thinks it stinks. What do you think?"

"I don't know which of you thinks what," she replied, "but I think Pogo is the funniest comic I've ever seen."

Newby, to his everlasting credit, wasn't above changing his mind. Later, when he was editor in chief, a movement developed to drop Pogo on the ground it had become "too political."

"Political or not," Newby ruled, "it's still a great comic. It stays."

And Pogo remained in The Star until its creator's death.

YOU MAY have wondered what I meant by the statement that Pogo gave me pleasure both "on and off the comics pages."

Well, my wife Ann once designed costumes representing Pogo and all the other Okefenokee Swamp characters and we and a number of our friends won the grand prize for the best entourage at the Washington Arts Club Bal Boheme. I was Pogo, *Luis* Corea was Dr. Howland Owl, Ann Corea was Mme. Hepzibah, Ann and Ed Greene and Ellen and Gaudin Greene were other Okefenokeeans, but I don't remember which ones. The only trouble with the costumes was that they made it extremely difficult to drink, but we made up for lost time as soon as our prize was presented. It was a case of wine.

As you know, Walt's widow, Selby Kelly, carried on Pogo after his death. But fitting those characters and their peculiar dialogue into the cramped space now prevalent proved too much of a problem. Selby finally said — as Pogo would have — "This is redickledockle," and quit.

What a pity!

* * *

AS REPORTED in CP number 26, mention in number 25 of the little journal of culture and enlightenment that I edit for the Greater Buffalo Press has brought a continuing deluge of requests to be put on the mailing list. One of the letters was addressed to "Peter A. Vogt, VP/Sales, Greater Buffalo Press, Inc., 302 Grote St., Buffalo, N.Y. 14207," and began: "Dear Mr. Grote."

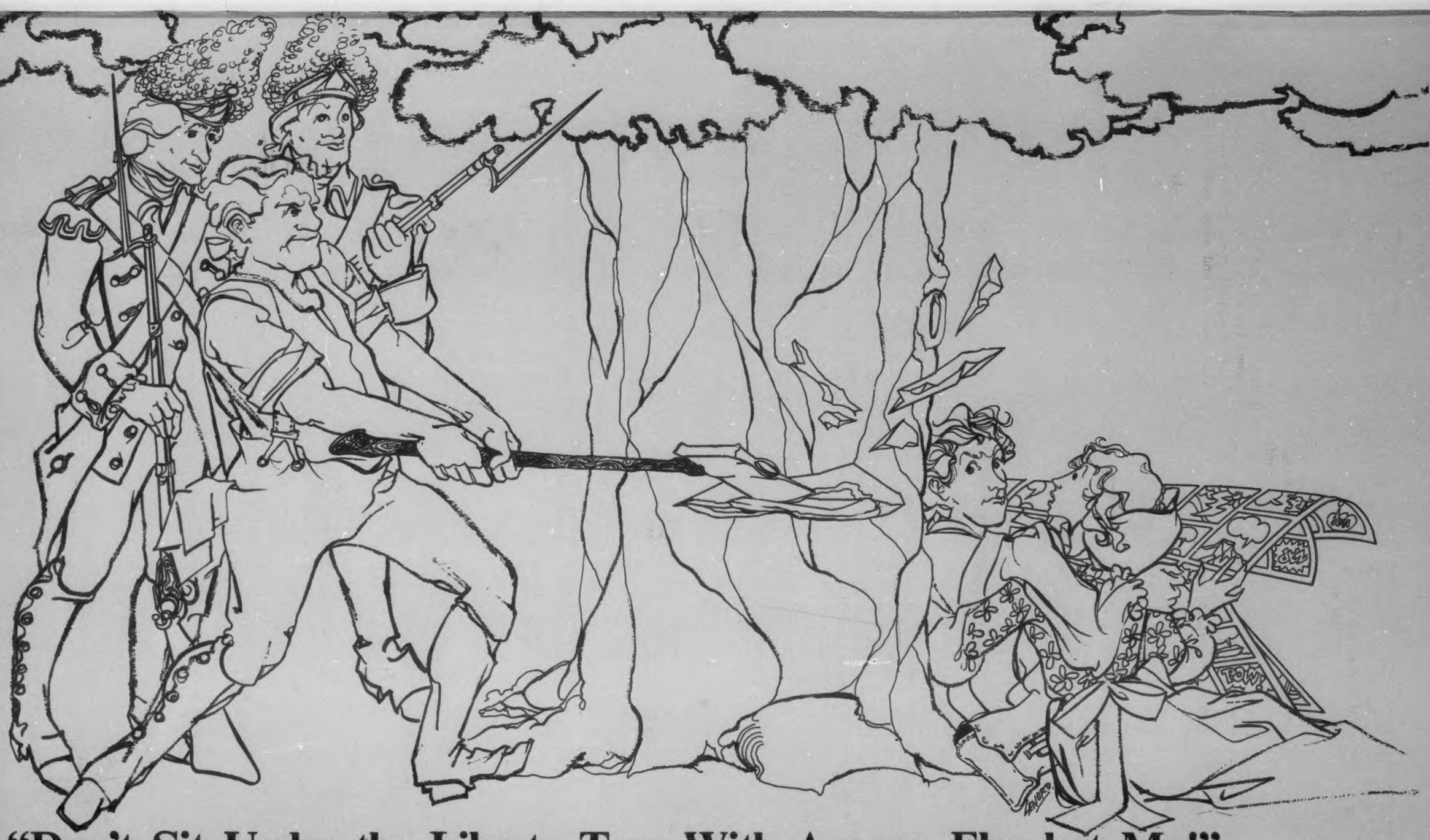
* * *

IN BOTH 25 and 26, I tried to tell you about "something funny" that happened to Jerry Robinson (still life, Flubs & Fluffs) on his way to my house for dinner, but each time I ran out of space. Now, unhappily, the incident no longer seems so funny, but I can't weasel out of my promise to tell you.

I live on Beech (as in tree) Street. In the same area are three Beach (as in seashore) Drives: East Beach Drive, West Beach Drive, just plain Beach Drive.

Well, Jerry's cab driver explored all three Beach Drives before finding his way to Beech Street. As a result, Jerry was two hours late for dinner and had to eat alone.

"Thank heaven there are only three Beach Drives," he said. "If there were a North and a South, I'd have starved." ●



"Don't Sit Under the Liberty Tree With Anyone Else but Me!"

That might well have been a song of the American Revolution, but it wasn't. And, of course, there weren't any color comics sections in those days either.

America's sense of humor wasn't to come into full flower until more than two centuries after British soldiers, under orders from Gen. Gage, chopped down Boston's "Liberty Tree," so named because the Sons of Liberty met under its spreading boughs.

That foul deed made the Liberty Tree an inspiring symbol of the Revolution. Emblazoned on a flag, it led uncounted Sons of Liberty into battle against the hated Redcoats.

Uncounted also are the sons and daughters of liberty who have read and loved the color comics since the Yellow Kid changed the course of newspaper history in 1896.

Today some 140 million Americans and Canadians of both sexes and all ages read the comics every weekend—for entertainment, education, sometimes even inspiration.

We print many of those color sections. We know how they attract and hold readers and what they do for advertisers. And we'll be happy to share this knowledge with anyone who will write or call Peter A. Vogt, VP/Sales.

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